# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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**National Anti-Slavery Standard.**

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BY THE

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## Selections.

### *CHIVALRY AND CHEESE.*

GOODS, NOT PRINCIPLES FOR SALE.

THERE has been (says *The Independent*) considerable noise and agitation lately among the *Cheese* merchants of Nashville. It appears that, not long since, Mr. S. Straight, of the highly respectable firm of Straight, Deming & Co., of Cincinnati, extensive cheese dealers, joined with others in tendering a testimonial of regard to John Jolliffe, Esq., for *daring*, in this free country, to defend, before the courts of (in) *justice*, certain persons charged as fugitives from labour, thereby endangering the peace of the *Union*. At this high-handed "fanaticism" the Nashville merchants, before alluded to, took umbrage. Their rights had been grossly trampled upon, and—and —and they—wouldn't eat any more of his cheese—*not a bit of it!* After a full discussion of the matter in its relations to "our glorious institutions," the aforesaid cheese merchants of Nashville *ventilated*, with a most patriotic letter to the senior member of the eminent Cincinnati firm, from which we will favour our readers with a few choice extracts:

"We, as Southern merchants, possessing the same free privileges as yourself, cannot longer contribute to sustain by our patronage a merchant, however correct, as such, he may be, who entertains views so hostile to institutions which we cherish, and have been reared up from childhood to look upon as one of the most sacred rights guaranteed by our Federal Constitution."

"Our right to hold negroes as property, as you are aware, is confirmed by the organic and federal laws of our Government. It therefore behooves us, as good, loyal citizens and property holders, to avert all direct or indirect infringements upon our rights or the laws conferring them. Thus it is that under no circumstances can we knowingly contribute by our patronage or otherwise, directly or indirectly, to fill the purse of others to be placed in the hands of incendiaries to aid in divesting us of our property without lawful remuneration.

. . . . . .

"In conclusion we would state that we hold it to be our duty, as good citizens and property holders, to rebuke this higher law fanaticism that now exists among a few misguided and ignorant fanatics of the North, in regard to the institution of slavery, wherever and whenever discovered. With this our business correspondence with you and all others entertaining such sentiments (when we are advised) ceases—knowing full well that your city contains enough good, conservative men, in their political views and business capacity, to afford us correspondents more worthy of our patronage.

"You ask the privilege of publishing this correspondence, which we cheerfully grant, reserving the same privilege to ourselves. Respectfully yours, &c.,

"B. LANIER & Co.,
"HART, MACREA & Co.,
"B. W. MACREA & Co.,
"S. N. HOLLINGSWORTH."

*There*, Messrs. Straight, Deming & Co., you have it in plain English. So long as your senior (Mr. Straight) persists in not looking right *straight* through his principles into his pockets, your cheese trade with the *chivalry* of Nashville must suffer. But we will not detain our readers from a portion of the manly, firm and *straight*-forward reply of Mr. Straight to his Nashville customers. It is worthy of being carefully studied:

"You offer an insult to every Cincinnati merchant to whom you tender your patronage on any such conditions as the tone of your letter indicates, and you *may* find, to your surprise, that the large majority of them are holding *themselves* out of the market. Suppose we should propose any such conditions to a Southern merchant or planter, on which to purchase his sugar, rice, cotton, fruits, &c., &c., what think you would be the result? Believing in free labour, and professing to encourage it so far as practicable, we weekly receive and sell the products of slave labour, proposing no such degrading conditions to others, and we will submit to none ourselves. Then the thing is absolutely impracticable. Every intelligent person knows that the people of the Western Reserve Counties of this State are opposed, to a man, to the further extension of slavery, and a very large majority—nearly all of them—are unflinching advocates of principles that you profess to regard as fanatical and mischievous in the highest degree. Your liberal purchases of their produce enhances its value, facilitates its sale, and fills their 'corpulent purses.' They add farm to farm, building to building, very easily sparing the means to support anti-slavery lectures and publications; they have their Giddingses and Wades in Congress to faithfully represent their views, and you pass over all this and refuse to patronize their humble agents here, for the merest expression of sympathy for the principles which they so fearlessly and efficiently advocate! Beautiful consistency, truly!! As well might you pluck an acorn from the outstretched branch of a mighty oak of the forest, hoping thereby to destroy its root. Your only consistent course is to abandon your position at once, giving it up altogether, or to cease purchasing free labour produce and manufactured articles, persuading your people to abandon their use. The latter you cannot accomplish any more easily than we could persuade the people of the North to abandon the use of the products of slave labour, and the effort on both sides would be worse than in vain. But perhaps you will employ agents here who will select Cincinnati manufactured articles, at least, that bear no defiling impress of the hand of an abolitionist. Please be assured that this would be truly a Herculean task, for most of our best manufacturers are Eastern and Northern men—some of them Englishmen; and nearly all entertain sentiments more or less hostile to that institution which is calculated, in its very nature, above all others, to bring free labour into disrespect. The efforts that are being made by a few Southern editors and politicians, of the Arkansas Legislature School, to turn away the trade of intelligent Southern merchants from the North in general, and Cincinnati in particular, will soon be abandoned for hobbies less impracticable and more likely to increase their popularity with sensible Southern people.

"Should a kind Providence continue to bless our industry and enterprise, but a very brief period will have elapsed before all our cities, and even villages of any importance, north and south, will be so intimately connected by railroads that a Chinese wall from the Atlantic to the Pacific, running between the free and slave States, would prove only a momentary barrier to the constant intermingling of the vast mercantile interests of our country. The truth is, this starving-out patriotism—this meanest and most narrow sectionalism—will never win to any extent. Some few of the Southern dealers, who are not above the influence of demagogues, may pay their more enlightened or liberal neighbours a handsome profit on *our goods*, rather than order direct from us; and this is all right. Our Queen City of the West being the great distributing point for a vast population and highly productive country, and destined (as many believe) to become the greatest manufacturing city in America, our Southern friends will find it much to their interest to sell us the products of their soil, and buy of us the products of ours, and also our manufactured articles of almost every description. We, hard and cheap-working Yankees, offer our goods on profits so small that purchasers cannot consistently ask us to throw in our principles. That "our *goods* are for sale, but not our *principles*," we wish distinctly understood in all our business transactions.

"Respectfully, etc. S. STRAIGHT."

The Cincinnati *Commercial*, in calling the attention of the *trade* to the present alarming state of things in Ohio, suggests a public meeting. The following from an article in that paper, under the title of "PRINCIPLES *vs.* CHEESE," *illustrates* the depths of editorial anxiety in regard to the merchants of the Queen City:

"What they will do in the premises, we do not know; but as a public meeting in this country is always in order, would it not be well to have one called immediately, to take into consideration the alarming state of things, and inquire if there is not some way by which a *compromise* can be effected? Let us know how much of our principles we will be required to lay down in order to retain the trade in cheese, how much for the whiskey traffic, how much for tubs, pails, brooms, ploughs, wash-boards and steam engines. Let us have a doctrinal tariff at once, with reports of the condition of the '*sensitive nerve*' in the columns of the daily journals. To do so would perhaps cut off the necessity of business circulars like the following:

"QUEEN CITY, April 1, 1855.

"*Messrs. A., B., C., and Southern Merchants generally*—Gentlemen: We cannot too highly approve the noble stand you have taken in behalf of SOUTHERN PRINCIPLES, by closing your business relations with those malignant fanatics and abolitionist incendiaries, Messrs. S., D. & Co. We doubt not a continuance of your correspondence would have been frightfully injurious to the interests of the South, if not to the durability of our sacred bond of union. In consequence of your repudiation of the aforesaid firm, we have thought proper to establish a house upon a platform especially adapted to the Southern trade. Our opinions in regard to the institutions of the South are yours, and we do not hesitate to assure you that yours, so long as you see fit to trade with us, shall be ours. We therefore await your orders with confidence. As Messrs. S., D. & Co., with a perfidy unparalleled in the history of commerce, have monopolized the entire production of Goshen, we shall be unable to supply you with that article; our arrangements, however, with the Skimmilk Plains are perfect, and we have no doubt your customers will soon learn to prefer the 'Skimmilk'—untainted as it is with abolitionism—to the 'Reserve,' manufactured in the very hotbed of anti-slavery.

"With distinguished consideration, we remain, most obsequiously, your humble servants, HUMBUG & DOUGHFACE."

Or the following:

"ST. LOUIS, April 1, 1856.

"*Messrs. A. B., C. D., E. F., and G. H.*—Gents: We have read with the utmost satisfaction your letter to Messrs. S., D. & Co., of Cincinnati, and hasten to offer you our congratulations upon the noble stand you have taken in behalf of our Southern institutions. If you should see fit, as, we doubt not, you will, to withdraw your patronage entirely from the place where such incendiaries are harboured, we beg leave to call your attention to our city, and especially to our house, and to assure you that you will find our principles to be of the most orthodox character and our CHEESE of the first quality. In regard to our prices, it is proper to say that, as we are forced to purchase our stock of Messrs. S., D. & Co., of Cincinnati, who receive it from the manufacturers, our prices, in order to afford a moderate profit upon the trade, must be a cent or two per pound higher than the Cincinnati quotations. We feel assured, however, that your attachment to sound and wholesome principles is such that, instead of complaining of this, you will take pleasure in the little pecuniary sacrifice which it will occasion. Yours in the bonds of truth,

"SHARP & SMOOTH."

We have (says *The Independent*) no personal acquaintance with Messrs. Straight, Deming & Co., but cannot on that account forbear saying that while they continue to "sell their goods and not their principles," they will not be likely to lack either friends or customers; and now, while we are about it, we will take occasion to say to some fifty thousand readers of *The Independent* at the West, among which are a very large number of merchants, *remember* Straight, Deming & Co. Their cheese has the right *flavour*. Try it.

### *THE REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND SLAVERY.*

SLAVERY has long since been removed from this Church. In 1800, Rev. Dr. Alexander McLeod, of New York City, being invited to settle at Wallkill, and learning that there were holders of slaves in the congregation, urged that fact as a motive for declining the call. The Presbytery having, by the stand thus taken, the subject regularly before them, resolved to purge the Church of the sin. They enacted that no slaveholder should be retained in their communion. Rev. Messrs. James McKenney and Samuel B. Wylie were appointed a Committee to visit South Carolina, where they abolished the practice of holding slaves among the members of their Church at the South. The Presbytery approved of the services of the committee, and required of their connection a general emancipation. No slaveholder has since been admitted to their communion.

The measures of the committee were as follows: Meeting with the several congregations where slaves were held by church members, they directed the slaves to be brought before them. Those who were able to take care of themselves they set free at once. Those who, from advanced age, extreme youth, or other reasons, were considered incompetent were placed under the immediate care of the Sessions of the Church, to receive full liberty when prepared for it; and all deeds of emancipation were recorded in the proper civil court. One individual only declined to submit to the Presbytery's deed of emancipation. The people in general were in very moderate circumstances, but "Christian principle triumphed over self-interest; and, in several other parts of the United States, men sacrificed on the altar of religion the 'property' which the civil law gave them in their fellow-men."

In March, 1850, in a letter from the General Synod of this Church to the Synod in Scotland, it was said:

"As a Church we continue to maintain a decided testimony against this great social sin and grievous wrong. We have several congregations in the slaveholding States, but no slaveholders are admitted to their communion. Our people will not even hire a slave when the proceeds of labour go to him who claims to be his owner. The existence of slavery is a standing item in our cause of fasting and humiliation from year to year; and the voice of our ministers and people is heard, in instruction, remonstrances and warning respecting it, on all becoming occasions, through the press, and from the pulpit and the platform."

In 1852, the General Synod expressed the views of this Church on slavery, and especially on the subject of the Fugitive Slave bill, in the following terms:

"As friends of humanity and of the cause of Christ, we are bound to lament and deplore the continuance and spread of this *monster evil* in our own land, in the maladministration of our good civil Constitution, and under the sanction of law. We deplore it as a sin against God, involving this nation in deepest guilt, and a crime against man of the most aggravated character. We are bound, too, to lament the countenance given to this monster sin by professing Christians and by the American churches, which consider it no bar to Christian communion. We are convinced that it but requires that the Christian churches of America should withdraw their countenance from the unjust and cruel system, and faithfully exhibit the truths of that Gospel which condemns oppression, denounces injustice, and proclaims liberty to the captive, in order that the institution of slavery may languish and die, and, therefore, that the awful responsibility of perpetuating its evils rests mainly on professors of Christianity. We are bound especially to protest against the law usually called the 'Fugitive Slave law,' as a disgrace to the age and country in which we live. By its legally compelling the people of the free States to aid in the capture of fugitives from bondage, it involves the whole Union in the guilt of slavery, tramples on State rights and the rights of man and of conscience. It exhibits an example of legislation calculated to make our boast of freedom an empty name, and to retard the progress of liberty throughout the world. By its practical operation in remanding men and women and children into endless slavery, it tends to blunt the moral sensibilities of our nature, and extinguish the love of liberty in the breasts of freemen. Instances of cruelty have already occurred which ought to make even paganism itself blush.

"Although the Reformed Presbyterian Church, more than half a century ago, has rid herself of any connection with slavery, has no fellowship with slaveholders, and has, during all that period, uttered a distinct testimony against this crying abomination in our land, yet, as witnesses for truth, we feel called upon to renew this testimony in most decided terms, because this dreadful evil has recently been gaining renewed strength under the sanction of ecclesiastical connivance and civil enactments. Even *now* attempts are in progress to strangle the genius of liberty by Congressional resolutions, declaring the compromises a 'finality.' 'Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry; and that thou bring the poor, that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?' Isa. lviii. 6, 7."

### *A WARNING VOICE.*

[*The National Era* closes an elaborate review of the history of American Politics for the last sixteen years with the following observations, warning the Republicans against the efforts now making to induce them to go into the next Presidential election with candidates without antecedents and who have heretofore taken no part in the agitation of the slavery question.]

THE Whig organization exists no longer. The Democratic party in almost every free State is prostrate. The people, cut adrift from all parties, demand that the rule of the Slave Power be broken. But, in the chaos, an organization has sprung up, as intent upon dodging the real issue of the country as either Whiggery or Democracy ever was, and thus blocks the way of union upon the policy of open, direct antagonism to the Slave Power. We stand where we stood in 1840, and insist upon this, as the only safe and effective remedy. At one time it seemed as if the masses were ready for it, but political managers, emerging from that newly formed organization, or afraid of its power, with a strange blindness to the lessons of the past, seem inclined to try again the experiments of 1840 and 1848. They would play Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted. They would run the line of their action aside from the Slave Power. They would place on the retired list the men who have earned curses by confronting and defying it. They would supply their places with men without antecedents, who have taken no part in the agitation of the slavery question, whose creed and policy on the subject are unknown quantities.

Gentlemen, beware. Four great facts are before you. Possibly, one more fact may be needed to demonstrate that bold and direct remedies are the best; that compromise and evasion can answer no purpose but to bring strength to slavery, and weakness and shame to its opponents.

New men are not necessarily dangerous men, but the people are distrustful; they have been too often deceived. They must have guaranties. There are statesmen whose names alone embody the whole creed of liberty, whose nomination would need no platform or declaration of principle to sustain them. But, new men must be sustained by such declarations as shall bind them, beyond a peradventure, to do the will of the people who support them. Unknown men and indefinite issues will not command, as they will not deserve, success. California is a free State. The Democrats, Whigs and Americans, who, from time to time, have been rallied to oppose all projects for converting it into a slave State, act from a wise self-interest; but the same parties send to Congress, as their Representatives and Senators, determined pro-slavery men. Hunker Democrats, who favoured the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, such as Col. Lane, engage in making a free Constitution for Kansas, but what do they understand of the oppressions of the Slave Power; what do they care for them? A man may be in favour of admitting Kansas as a free State, and yet utterly indisposed to arraign or act against the Power that seeks to enslave it. The Kansas question is a transient one, momentous as it is. Will its settlement, one way or the other, suppress the agitation of slavery, and give peace to the country, so long as the tyranny of the Slave Power shall remain unbroken? Let the history of the last sixteen years answer.

It is possible that the spirit of compromise and conservatism may yet determine the character and direction of the Republican movement. This we have long foreseen. Know-Nothingism has demoralized many of the old anti-slavery voters, and rendered them adepts in compromise. The movement against the Slave Power, as it has grown imposing, has attracted multitudes who regard it chiefly as an instrument for gaining place, and they cannot bear to wait long for the fulfilment of their ambitious aspirations. They invest their capital with the hope of immediate returns. And even drilled veterans of liberty, now that they have come within striking distance of success, in the heat of the struggle, are in danger of forgetting that a victory of numbers at the expense of Principle is worse than a defeat.

The sincere purpose of the masses of the People who have been drawn to the support of the Republican movement is to dethrone the Slave Power, to exclude slavery from the Territories, and to put the Federal Government on the side of liberty. They have sustained the movement because it means all this. Less they will not be satisfied with. If the only object be to admit Kansas as a free State, there is no use in organizing a new party. The old Whig organization, or the Know-Nothing Order, would suffice for that. If this be all, if parties have been broken up, and the country has been convulsed merely to redress a single wrong, leaving in full power, with all its capacities for mischief, the Despotic Interest that has committed it, then indeed has the mountain laboured to bring forth a mouse. The People do not so understand it. They intend to put down the Slave Power, and assert their right to use the Federal Government for the establishment of liberty, and prevent it from being prostituted to the extension of slavery. This sublime movement—the reörganization of the Federal Government—is second only in importance to the organization of the Government. Shall the spirit of Conservatism and Compromise betray it in the hour of its strength, on the very eve of its triumph? Who is sufficient for its inauguration? Have we ever thought of the responsibilities of him who shall be called upon, as its first Representative, to take the place of the Slave Power which has ruled us for nearly half a century? The Presidents installed by that Power have always found a beaten track before them, prescribed formulas, routine work. Submission to its dictates has been the unvarying rule, and it was easy; for, like the People, they had been trained in that way.

How different the position of a President elected by the People against the Oligarchy! Representing a Revolution, peaceful, but radical, what a clear view of its nature, its scope, its philosophy, what intimate acquaintance with the politicians and public men of the country, what discriminating views of the relations of the various sections of the country, what accurate opinions of the Constitution in its bearings on slavery, what moderation, calmness, self-control, firmness, courage, wisdom, would be required to reörganize, in all its departments and functions, on the basis of Constitutional Liberty, a Government which has been used for nearly half a century for the aggrandizement of the Slave Interest! Who, we again ask, is sufficient for so stupendous a work! What man, who has formed any true conception of its overwhelming importance, and knows himself, would not shrink from its undertaking? Strange that there should be so many aspirants for a position demanding extraordinary energy, experience, skill, and wisdom, and beset by difficulties such as have never surrounded the Presidential office since the day when it was filled by George Washington!

### *A SLAVEHOLDING COLPORTER.*

THE Administration of the Tract Society, in their various defences, lay much stress upon the plea that they have not in any way sanctioned or indorsed the system of slavery. They are at special pains to satisfy the public that they have no direct complicity with the system.

We do not suppose—no one has ever charged it upon the Committee—that they have published anything, directly or indirectly, in defence of slavery. But while they refuse to publish anything against the crimes inherent in that system as it exists at the South, they do also give it their sanction by *employing slaveholders as colporters*.

On p. 85 of the Report of the Tract Society for 1855, in the list of colporters in North Carolina, occurs the name of Rev. J. T. M——. This gentleman, in his correspondence with parties at the North who contribute to his support as colporter of the Tract Society, admits that he is *the owner of two slaves*, and justifies himself in that relation. Now, we have not one word of reproach for the Rev. Mr. M. as a slaveholder. It may be that he received his slaves by inheritance, and holds them only by constraint of law, seeking to fulfil toward them the law of Christ, and rendering to them that which is "just and equal." We do not call in question his character as a minister of Christ. But the expediency of employing a slaveholder as a colporter of a national catholic institution is quite another question.

The relation of a slaveholder is at best one of doubtful morality. Did this colporter buy his slaves? Does he hold them as property? If he should become embarrassed in his pecuniary affairs, are they liable to be sold as part of his estate? Does he purpose to hold them in perpetual bondage? At his death will they go to his heirs, whatever *their* character; or be sold away from kindred and friends and home? Are they ruled by love or by fear? Are they treated as equals before God, or as chattels by law established? The servant of a national religious society should not be a man who needs to define and defend his connection with a great public wrong, and to prove that his case is an exception to a general law. Hence the American Home Missionary Society never employs as a missionary or agent one who is personally connected with the institution of slavery.

Fellow-Christians at the North, who give your money to the Tract Society to do good at the South, consider well these facts. Your Committee publish freely against the immoralities of dancing, wine-drinking, novel-reading, smoking and chewing tobacco, and sleeping in church; but when asked to utter some earnest Christian word against the desolating of families by sale, the violation of woman's chastity and of the sanctity of marriage by brute force or covetous desire, they tell you that they cannot do this, because a tract on such a theme would not be "calculated to receive the approbation of *all* evangelical Christians," including their own slaveholding colporters at the South! If a colporter should smoke cigars on the public street how long would they employ him? If he should drink wine at dinner daily, how long could he hold his commission? If he should go to a village dance or send his children to dancing-school, how long would he be sustained in the service? If he should visit the opera in New York, how long would it be before he would be called to account at the Tract House? If he should read Harper's yellow-covered novels, how long would he be employed to circulate an evangelical literature? If he should habitually go to sleep in church, how long would his name stand on the list of colporters? Yet the fact that he owns slaves is no bar to his employment as a colporter of the Tract Society. Is this "calculated to receive the approbation of *all* Evangelical Christians"? Or are such calculations made only for Christians south of Mason and Dixon's line?—*Independent*.

### *A PRIZE ESSAY.*

ONE hundred dollars reward is offered for the best prize essay on the subject of slavery adapted to receive the approbation of evangelical Christians generally.

The individual offering this reward, having resided both at the South and the North, and having an extensive acquaintance with many of our most estimable citizens, among whom he has laboured in more than twenty Northern and Southern States, is fully persuaded that when good men in both sections of our country lay aside their excited feelings, and calmly, dispassionately, and in the fear of God, look at this subject with an earnest desire to know and do their duty in the premises, there will be an essential agreement of opinion, which will do much to remove misapprehension and allay sectional strife, restore mutual confidence and good feeling, and prepare the way for a hearty union of Patriots and Christians, North and South, in the disposition of this exciting and difficult subject. With this conviction, he desires to encourage some of our best writers to prepare an essay of from eight to twenty-four pages, which, rejecting alike the extreme and ultra views of both sections, shall endeavour to show, that there is an obvious and Christian view of the subject which is calculated to receive, and to a very great extent does receive, the approbation of the great body of evangelical Christians.

Without attempting to prescribe the precise matter or form of the essay, the individual who offers the premium would desire the writer to show that the common and Christian view which we propose does not, on the one hand, affirm that no slaveholder can be a Christian, that there are not many godly ministers and devoted churches in the South; that slavery in form should instantly and everywhere be abolished; or that the Northern States have any *political right* to interfere with the peculiar institutions of the South.

Nor, on the other hand, does this common and Christian view admit, with some extreme men, that American slavery is a Divine and patriarchal institution, sanctioned by the Bible, necessary to the highest state of society, to be meliorated and improved, and then perpetuated forever, or that the North has nothing to do with this matter, no moral responsibility in the case, and no right to discuss the subject.

Avoiding these obvious extremes, the essay should plainly and kindly teach, with Washington and Jefferson, Madison and Patrick Henry, with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of 1818, and with the Synod of Kentucky, that the system of slavery is a great moral evil, opposed to the spirit of Christianity, and to be done away mainly by the influence of the Gospel, as soon as possible, in consistency with the best interest of the master and the slave; and until this this can be done, the marriage relation should be rendered sacred, the separation of families prevented, the Word of God be put into the hand of the slave, the Gospel everywhere be preached to them, and all suitable effort be made to qualify them for ultimate emancipation and self-government.

The following gentlemen have kindly consented to act as the Committee of Award, to wit:

Rev. Asa D. Smith, D.D., New York City; Rev. Mark Hopkins, D.D., President of Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.; Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, President of Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.

Essays inclosed in an envelope may be sent to Rev. Asa D. Smith. D.D., No. 142 East Thirteenth street, New York, until the first of August next.

New York, April 12, 1856.

### *WORSHIP OF THE GOLDEN CALF.*

As a people, we are wonderfully given to the worship of the almighty dollar, and Theodore Parker was not very wide of the mark in his description of the Trinity in the creed of the trading, cotton-selling, money-changing public, which is this: "I believe in the Golden Eagle: I believe in the Silver Dollar; I believe in the Copper Cent; and these three are one." We make our profoundest salaam to wealth, without being at all inquisitive as to how it was attained; we allow ourselves to be bullied out of asking any impertinent questions on that head by a display of rosewood and upholstery. Great wealth buys for its possessor social position and consequence in life, and at death any desirable degree of laudatory eulogy and a splendid funeral procession. The motto "speak no evil of the dead," has been carried to that extent, or, more properly speaking, has been so perverted, that "he lies like an obituary or an epitaph" has almost come to be an adage. The deference paid to worldly possessions has been strikingly exemplified within a short time in the case of the late Nelson Robinson, an eminent stock operator in New York. This gentleman, formerly a dealer in menagerie animals, but, for several years past, a distinguished member of the Board of Brokers in Wall street, where, by shrewd and extensive operations in stocks, he amassed an immense fortune, died very suddenly on Sunday, March 23d. The daily papers of New York City, as was to have been expected, announced that, in the death of Mr. Robinson, society had lost a brilliant ornament, and the business and financial community had sustained a loss which was little short of fatal to its prosperity. Following these announcements, we find a post-mortem puff of Mr. R. in *The New York Chronicle*, one of the organs of the Baptist Church, in which the deceased, in addition to all his other good qualities, is held up to an admiring world as a first class saint. Is not this carrying the joke a little too far? We have no doubt but Mr. Robinson was a "shrewd operator"; that, in the parlance of Wall street, he was "good"; that he was an urbane, agreeable, and, not unlikely, kind-hearted and benevolent gentleman; but what he has done for humanity —for the advancement and benefit of his race—to entitle him to so much distinction, it would, perhaps, be difficult to say. One would hardly suppose that the occupation of stock gambling is one peculiarly calculated to develope in an eminent degree the Christian virtues. The buying and selling of stocks on time, which is the rule (and cash the exception) in Wall street, *is* gambling just as essentially as betting on an election, a horse race or at faro. As all our readers may not be familiar with stock operations, we will explain. Briefly, then, Mr. Bull is of opinion that Erie will advance, and, therefore, offers to buy at the ruling price a certain number of shares, on 30, 60 or 90 days, and Mr. Bear, who is of opinion that Erie will decline, sells to Bull as many shares as the latter will take. When the time on which the stock was sold expires, if Bull has been a true prophet, Bear pays to him the difference between the price at which he sold and the cash price of Erie at the Board; and if the stock has declined instead of advancing, Bull pays the difference to Bear, neither party to the transaction having owned a single share of Erie stock. This is the character of the great mass of the stock transactions in Wall street, though there are, of course, some persons who actually buy stocks for investment and others who buy and pay for stocks, and hold them for an advance; but these are exceptions to the general rule. Can any man or child with a modicum of brains fail to see that this sort of operation is simply gambling? that, to all intents and purposes, one party bets that a certain stock will advance and another that it will decline? Where, then, is the difference in principle between the gambling of Wall street and that practised at any gambling saloon? We confess ourself too obtuse to see any such difference. The statute law of the State regards these time sales of stocks, in cases where the party selling does not own the stock at the time of making the contract, as gambling, and declares such contracts void, as all gambling contracts are. That a man who amasses a fortune by following an occupation which adds nothing to the general wealth of the community, but rather abstracts from it—an occupation which is unlawful and immoral—should be held up by both the secular and religious press as a pattern citizen and model saint, certainly indicates anything but a lofty standard of citizenship and saintship. "Money-changers" have never been regarded with special favour by those who are counted the lights of the world. We will not call them by hard names, but would refer the editor of *The Baptist Chronicle* to the writings of Matthew, which he has, doubtless, met in his readings. He will there find that the great prophet of Nazareth, he who spake as never man spake, went into the temple, on a certain occasion, and overthrew the tables of the Hebrew Brokers, "and he said unto them, it is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it *a den of thieves*."—*Peekskill (N. Y.) Republican.*

### *A TRUE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.*

TRESPASSING upon the public ground, and defacing a park laid out by the Father of his country for the people's pleasure—a precedent for other architectural trespassing —a staring suggestion of a hoe-handle staked through a half-bushel measure—inefficiently begging half-pence in Know-Nothing hats to pay masons for working on it—halting and limping on its upward way to artistic disgrace, the Washington Monument at the Federal capital glares on all eyes painfully—an unsuitable and perishable memento of a Great Man, whose fame is secured through time, by the History of the United States, of which his life was a large part, by the baptism with his name of the national metropolis, and of a great Territory in the West, and of counties, cities and towns innumerable throughout the Republic.

Thrust aside upon the north-western edge of the city—pushed out from even the lengthened evening shadows of the houses of labouring men, themselves averted from the walls which enclose the rich, in a neglected house in a neglected field, is a school kept by a white woman for the education of coloured girls. Unlike the marble Washington monument, this school has not been fixed. Unstable altogether, it has gone from street to street, and place to place—not willingly, but under compulsion. It has been an outcast—almost an outlaw. The hand of the blackguard boy has been against it. Grown-up men have reviled it, and cursed at it. Slaveowners have scowled upon it, and inquired of the Law for its ruin, and conspired its destruction by violence. Vulgar women have insulted its mistress, and delicate ladies have experienced spasms of small disgust at her strange employment. Menaced, jeered, despised, neglected, and poor, this solitary teacher, all alone with God and her resolute purpose, has for years worked steadfastly—passing around no hat or no bonnet for reluctant half-pence, nor halting or limping on her upward way—laying block after block in the structure of enlightened minds and good characters among the women of an oppressed race, in a community which legalizes their slavery and sanctions their extremest debasement. Is not MYRTILLA MINER's school a true monument in the City of Washington?

We saw thirty girls in it, week before last. They are instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, algebra, history, physiology and vocal music. Superior to many pretentious schools in our State in this respect, the exercises in arithmetic and algebra were mental, and almost disencumbered of rules. The scholarship of these despised ones was as encouraging to the philanthropist as it was honourable to their instructor. A hymn to Courage and Faith, finally sang by all, was so full of art and of humanity, so surrounded with suggestions of the cruel wrongs of one race and the injustice of another, and did so help to dignify the labours and elevate the character of the woman who had built this school in the very valley of the shadow of social contempt, that one of the visitors rose in tears and departed. Tears afterwards came again to her eyes, in response to an inquiry innocently put, how the prejudice against colour had been so overcome in Washington that white persons sent their daughters to this Coloured School, to associate with blacks and mulattoes? "There is black blood in them *all*, Sir!" And so those fair-cheeked and straight-haired girls, with Greek noses and thin lips, modest and delicate, were not white at all. They were negroes. The diabolically contrived law, that the child of a slave should follow the condition of its mother and not of its father, chases in an endless bloodhound hunt, upon slave soil, the blood of the stolen African woman. A sight of white female slaves, as Saxon in look, colour and action as any of the daughters of Albany, does give a Northern father to realize slavery, in his very bones and marrow.

Honour and success to the growing Washington monument of MYRTILLA MINER—*Albany Evening Journal.*

### *THE BUXTON SETTLEMENT.*

THIS settlement is yet but in its infancy, it having been but a few years since its first settlers commenced operations in the way of agriculture. From the correctest information we have been able to obtain, it contains some 9,000 acres of land, which, when bought, was a dense forest, of the heaviest class of timber, without the mark of the axe having been put upon it. These lands were purchased by the Rev. Wm. King, for the sole purpose of establishing a coloured settlement, offering an opportunity for the development of the energies of those who should make good their escape from oppression, not excluding others wishing to fell the forest and build up comfortable homes on these lands, so unequalled in fertility. After the purchase of the land, it was divided into farms of ordinary dimensions, to suit settlers, and at the present time is all under a state of cultivation, and owned by some 140 families, all of whom have their "rustic" tenements and are living in a manner similar to all civilized people when entering upon new and uncultivated lands in States, Territories, or elsewhere, with the prospect of manufacturing comfortable homes for themselves in old age and as lasting reminiscences of their industry to bequeath to their successors. Of this settlement too much cannot be said, when viewing the unfavourable circumstances by which its settlers have been surrounded, the lack of means, education and proper implements for the accomplishment of such a great and laborious task. Many, on their arrival in this country, and at the time of entering upon the lands, were penniless, with scarce a sufficiency of clothing to render them comfortable or shield them from the inclemency of the weather, so liable to import disease, and eventually bring premature death. Still, in every direction are to be seen the marks of those assiduous, enterprising and praiseworthy people; for in the absence of those qualities, privation and suffering would have unquestionably been the result. Having passed through and visited a large portion of this settlement, and visited many of the families, whom we found to be very hospitable in their manners, enabling us to elicit many facts and amusing circumstances in relation to their sojourn, we feel to be warranted in our assertions. At this time roads are opened in different directions, and are being ditched, in order to facilitate the means of travel to markets and elsewhere with such commodities as may be required to be moved in their desired directions. The bush is fast being cleared, from which the sound of the axe may be heard, late and early (in every direction), mingled with the voice of the merry chopper, the fall [illegible] timber, all pleasing to the traveller, at the same time exhibiting glowing prospects for the future. Again, educational opportunities, the great lever of progress, present themselves and seem to be duly appreciated by fathers, mothers and children in this section, which will be instrumental, in time, of lessening the difficulties and forwarding this once oppressed people to a high state of cultivation, rendering every fireside a place of happiness when surrounded by intelligent countenances, and disseminating good feeling to all within their sphere. Buxton, from present appearances, is doomed to be ahead in agriculture; and should the contemplated Southern Railroad pass near by, the facilities for the transportation of marketing and the ready sale of wood will be such that wealth must follow all above mentioned.—*Provincial (C. W.) Freeman.*

### *THE IRISH IN AMERICA.*

*To the Editor of The [Dublin] Freeman.*

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

35 ECCLES STREET, March, 1856.

DEAR SIR: Without assuming to myself any credit for peculiar foresight, I may be pardoned for recalling to the recollection of the readers of the *Freeman's Journal* the fact that many years have now elapsed since I directed their attention to circumstances which I then considered as indicative of the dislike with which Irishmen, at no distant day, would be viewed by the native Americans. And I have, since then, occasionally repeated my fears and my warnings to my countrymen, both at home and abroad, through the medium of your columns. The realization of my prophecies has been accomplished. Irishmen in America are already looked upon as unwelcome intruders, or they are held in contempt in that land which has been covered with railways and otherwise enriched by their labour. Long since, I foresaw this decline of influence, and this deterioration of respectability; and I pointed out the certainty that such clouds should rest upon and tarnish the fair fame of my countrymen in the land of the stranger. I raised my warning voice, not alone in the ears of the leaders of the people, but also in the hearing of the people themselves. I told them all that if they sacrificed principle, they would reap contempt, they would be held in dishonour, and that their disgrace would be deserved. I repeated my warnings in letters to the press—which you and other editors kindly published —and in addresses from the platform, which I refer to with pain, because my warnings were neglected, and my apprehensions have been all realized. The leaders are scattered—many of them covered with dishonour, because of their open dereliction from principle—few of them holding the standard so as to reflect any honour on Ireland; Mr. Smith O'Brien, Gharles Gavan Duffy, and, I believe, John Martin, are the only unsullied names I can just now call to mind; and the multitude of those men who drew the breath of life in this land, but who have transferred their almost soulless bodies to cumber the earth in the far west, are nearly universally found in the ranks of the oppressors.

While the great O'Connell lived, the open shamelessness of Irishmen in America, in regard to the foul system of slavery which disgraces the people of the United States, was in some measure kept in check by his manly and eloquent denunciations of their miserable complicity with that vile system. I have but recently read over again some of his noble speeches on this soul-stirring topic, and I felt prouder than ever that Ireland had given birth to a man who, while his popularity stood in the scale, declared that, even to save Ireland from oppression, he would not be unfaithful to his own convictions of right and duty; he would denounce the American slaveholder. If every Irishman held the same straightforward course, took the same noble stand on principle, and with equal manliness maintained the right, very different, indeed, would now be the position held by the Irish emigrant and the naturalized Irishman in America. Deserved contempt now follows us everywhere, because we have been unfaithful to our own convictions of duty. At home, we prated loudly about our desire for freedom; we complained that English rule was a chain too heavy to be borne; we fled from it by hundreds of thousands that we might breathe a freer atmosphere, and enjoy a greater degree of liberty, both civil and religious, in another region; yet our foot is scarcely placed on her soil, when we take the whip of the slavedriver in our hands, and stain it with the blood of our brother; we seize the chain, and place it on his limbs, and wickedly condemn him to a slavery one hour of which is more galling than a lifetime of the oppression from which we fled. I but repeat the expression of Jefferson, the American, who penned the noble words of their Declaration of Independence, and who, although a slaveholder himself, would despise the Irishman who was not a foe to the system.

Other reasons than those I have indicated are assigned for the dislike entertained towards Irishmen in America; but I do not believe any of them are of equal force.

We may dislike those who differ with us in politics or religion, but our contempt is reserved for the mean and the base, for those who lie to their own professions, and who write themselves down scoundrels in heart and soul. These things Irishmen have done and are doing daily in America, so that no faith can be placed in their manliness and hon

vow, the necessary ignorance, and the total ruin of self-respect which chattelism produces.

But, after all, the *whites have the worst of it*. It demoralizes them more than their slaves. The institution makes them indolent, improvident, and overbearing. Slavery *degrades human labour*, and is therein directly contrary to the law of God. The owner of a score or more of slave women has also a constant temptation to become licentious, and too often the masters yield to the snare. Agriculturally, slavery is an unalloyed curse. The country about Savannah is almost a desert; and the city itself, which in Yankee hands would have been a Boston, or a Cincinnati, is only a lethargic village of some 20,000 inhabitants. More than half of them answer to such names as "Pomp," "Scipio," and "Dinah." But enough on this distasteful topic. I came to the South with an anxious desire to see as much of good as possible in the "Patriarchal institution." I go home again with a more earnest prayer than ever before that the virgin soil of Kansas may never be cursed with this upas of human bondage. If you want to see a fair, candid statement of the real workings of slavery, with its lights and its shadows, read the admirable work of Mr. Olmsted on the "Seaboard Slave States."—*Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, in the Christian Intelligencer.*

## *CASTE AND POLYGAMY.*

[From the Report of the India Deputation, presented at the recent meeting of the A. B. C. F. M.]

CASTE.

In every mission, except the Ceylon, all seemed to be done that were possible for the suppression of *caste* among the church members. In Ceylon, we did not find caste tolerated in the Mission churches, but we found it existing in the *social life* of the Christian community, and we thought that more should be done to expel it thence. It is, doubtless, true that the peculiar state of caste in the Jaffna community makes it the more difficult to eradicate the same wholly from the church. It is an evil, like intemperance in our own country, that requires a perpetual watch, and perpetual effort; and thus it will be for a long time to come. It connects itself with notions of family rank and consequence, and of the value of dowry; and many native Christians seemed too desirous of retaining their connections with their heathen relatives, and too fearful of the consequences that would follow from breaking wholly with the world.

The following pledge was signed by about ninety of the leading members of the Church, while we were on the island, namely: "We, the undersigned, do solemnly pledge ourselves and affirm that we will wholly renounce in ourselves, and discountenance in others, all caste and other distinctions and usages in society, which tend to foster pride, impair the affections and hinder the kindly offices of Christian love, and that we will not object to eating any kind of food on account of the caste of the person or persons by whom it was cooked or offered to us." And the mission declared its intention of carrying out this declaration, both in the spirit and letter. "In the formation of future village churches," they say, "in the appointment of officers, and the ordination of pastors over them, every precaution will be taken to proceed upon correct principles in reference to caste."

POLYGAMY.

The action of the missions with regard to *polygamy* was explicit and satisfactory. The Mahratta mission came to the following result: "When a legal divorce can be effected, it should always be required before an individual be admitted to the church. The only cases of real difficulty which present themselves to our minds are, when a legal divorce can not be effected. We believe, however, that it is not expedient to admit any one to the church, even in such cases, without his giving a written pledge to the church that he will no longer cohabit with more than one wife, and that he will also, if necessary, support the [illegible] a virtuous life. Such a man, although unable to free himself from the legal relation of husband to the person thus put away, we believe to be free from the guilt of polygamy, and hence a proper candidate for admission to the church."

The Madura mission laid down this principle: "That, as polygamy is contrary to the original design of the Deity in the institution of the marriage relation, and opposed to all the teachings of Christ, and as there is no positive evidence that the Apostles ever admitted polygamists into the churches established by them, no polygamist, however well fitted he may be in other respects, should be admitted to any of our churches, until he has entered into covenant with the church that he will henceforth be the husband of only one wife."

## *THE COOLY TRADE.*

Boston Correspondence of The Tribune.

I see you and some other New York papers are making yourselves disagreeable about the Cooly trade. Now, you know how much your New York merchants can stand, and, of course, play your cards accordingly. But I give you warning that, if you have any Boston mercantile advertising worth keeping, you must mind your eye, or you'll lose it. We are not going to stand having our First Merchants—godly men, members of evangelical churches, officers of the Bible Societies, contributors to Foreign Missions—I say, we won't stand having such men as these picked at for being concerned in a simple carrying trade, particularly as it increases so much the means of their usefulness. Some of our newspapers undertook to deal with this matter, not knowing what they were about; but they were soon enlightened, and had to hold their tongues, if not to take the back track. *The Post*, for example, thought at first that the fanaticism of the Abolitionists and Black Republicans could be rebuked by showing up this traffic and taunting them with indifference to the sufferings of any men but *niggers*—even if they were treated as bad or worse. But when it discovered that the men who were carrying it on were "persons of eminent gravity," of great weight on 'Change, National patriots to the core, supporters of the compromises, friends of Mr. Webster, if not of Mr. Pierce, it naturally and justly ceased from any molestation of it.

In fact, look at this trade as you will, the parties concerned in it should not be regarded as obnoxious to censure. I am inclined myself to regard it as a branch of Foreign Missions, worthy of the encouragement of all who have the spiritual welfare of the Heathen at heart. For it is clear that as long as the Coolies stayed at home they had no chance of salvation at all; whereas, by being conveyed to Cuba or South America, they were brought within reach of Christian privileges. It is true that Christianity, as there dispensed at present, is tainted with Popery; but the certainty that those benighted regions will soon, by the process of annexation, be opened to other influences, makes this objection trivial and temporary. Then, it may be objected that a large proportion of these subjects for Missionary labour die on the voyage, or commit suicide, or are worked to death in a short time, and other trivialities of that kind. But these cavillers should remember that had not the career of these unhappy pagans been thus humanely cut short, they would have gone on at home from bad to worse, and their last end would have been much worse than it is now. I do not think that any pious merchant should be discouraged by such considerations as that from entering into this business.

But, suppose you are right in looking upon this traffic as an impropriety, still the men engaged in it are not to be blamed, because they did not know what they were about. You should allow for the ingenuous innocence of Yankee traders as to the particulars of any business by which they are coining money. But even supposing they sinned ignorantly, we are assured that they have repented and will do so no more. Repentance is all you have a right to ask for, especially when there can be no question of its being of the severest sort of all—sorrow for having been found out. There was a thoughtless, not to say mischievous, lad on board one of these ships from China to Chili who had the indiscretion, not to say malice, to write a letter about what he saw on board, which got into the papers, and has done much toward this unpleasant agitation. This fellow must be looked after and made an example of. What can be more odious, nay immoral, than the character of a spy? Then Mr. Senator Sumner has been-putting his finger in the pie, and moving for a return of the vessels engaged in this trade; as if it were any of his business! Still, good may come from his interference; for when he gets his return I will try and find out all about the merchants engaged in it, such as the church they go to, the pastor they sit under, and other particulars which may be interesting to you and your readers. Then I will try and learn the amounts they have contributed to foreign and domestic reforms, to the Bible Society, to the Tract Society and other corporate bodies for evangelizing the world. So, if you can make a rough guess at the number of souls they have thus been the means of saving, and set against it a fair allowance for the number of Coolies who have died or killed themselves while under their pastoral charge, or have been worked to death in consequence of their interposition, you will have the elements of a tolerably correct estimate of the balance of good to be put to their credit.

I had intended adding some particulars I learnt this morning relative to the Cooly trade and the condition of the Coolies in Cuba from an intelligent and accurate observer who has just returned thence. But you must wait for them until next week, as my letter is already long enough and to spare. Byles.

Correspondence of The Boston Telegraph.

Washington (D. C.), April 21, 1856.

During the last week Mr. Sumner has shown his opposition to slavery in any form by attacking the Coolie trade in its most vulnerable point, its international legality. The form in which he couched his opposition was so fixed that no one could disapprove his course without not only upholding this iniquitous traffic, but also opposing an inquiry into an alleged treaty infraction. When the Committee on Commerce, to whom the treaty was referred, make their report, it will probably be in the form of a bill, which they will father, and which Mr. S. will best promote by saying as little upon it as the circumstances will allow, for the Senate have settled down on the policy of passing no bill, if they can help it, that gives any honour to the North, or which emanate from those opposed to the Administration policy.

In this instance Mr. Sumner was beforehand with the Administration, who had arranged their plans to raise a great hue and cry against this abomination and have all the honour of putting down the Coolie trade themselves. As it was, Mr. Weller from California would have opened the ball the next day, thereby making the matter an Administration measure, but Mr. Sumner was twenty-four hours in advance of him. The Administration now cannot recede from the ground they would have taken, for in their surprise at Mr. Sumner's supplanting them, they showed that they were about to take the same steps.

## *THE KANSAS SETTLERS—AND THOSE OF VIRGINIA.*

"All the *vagabonds, paupers* and discharged *convicts* who infested the Northern cities were shaken together and precipitated upon Kansas. For a time, honest immigrants were suffocated by the load of *filth* and *stench*; and, although they partially recovered their energies, there is danger least they be at last overborne by an incessant supply of *refuse from the penitentiaries* of New England.

"The issue before the people of the South is simply this: shall we remain idle spectators of the struggle in Kansas, until the gallant spirits from Missouri are crushed by a multitudinous *horde of barbarians* from the North? In the name of the people of Virginia, we respond with an unhesitating and emphatic *no*."—*Richmond Enquirer.*

This is simple libel. A man placed at so favourable a point for knowledge, as is the editor of a daily newspaper with a large exchange list, must know that the above description of the material of which the future State of Kansas is composed, is false and defamatory. Throughout the North it is notorious, that the settlers of the Territory are, in every respect, superior to those who laid the foundations of any or all the American States, saving ever Massachusetts. They were the flower of the industrial classes of New England, the North and the West. Educated, moral, sober and industrious, they took with them on their emigration, newspapers, schools and churches. Organized Eastern society was, as it were, lifted up bodily, and, wafted over the plains of Kansas, was there let down, and immediately put into harmonious and vigorous action. What was wanting to the complete manhood of these builders of a State, was soon supplied by the dangers which threatened it. These pressed out the timid and non-resistant, and compacted the vanguard of Freedom in the West, into a phalanx of citizens ready to fight in defence of the Free Society which they had the virtue and the wisdom to construct.

No Virginian should court a comparison between the men who have settled Kansas, and those who settled the Old Dominion. In her case it would indeed be "odious," and odorous. Captain John Smith said that, of all the immigrants to Virginia by the first three vessels, not two dozen had done a day's work in the course of their lives—and eight of these were Dutchmen and Poles. The rest of the nominal labourers had in England been gentlemen's lackeys, house servants, bankrupt tradesmen and "desperate loafers." To keep them from perishing, he had to drive them to work at the point of his sword. The issue of the laziness and inefficiency of what Olmsted styles this "miserable rabble of snobs and flunkeys," the founders of the State of Virginia, was a famine, in which the seed of the Chivalry ate a "salvadge," "boyled and stewed with roots and herbs"—in which one of them actually killed his wife, "powdered her," and partially fed upon her, before his revolting crime was discovered—and in which "William Symmons, D.D.," an eye witness, says, they endured "what it were too vile to say"—all owing to "want of prouidence, industrie and gouernment, and not the barrenneese and defects of the country." So utterly vagabondish and idle were the first settlers of Virginia, that Governor Dale was obliged to proclaim martial law against them, and to make them work in gangs under overseers, and to threaten to shoot every man who refused to labour, or was disobedient to his taskmaster.

These promising State-architects, afterwards petitioned the Crown for a present of "vagabonds and condemned men," to do that work which they found so irksome. Bridewell and the other London "knave-pens," were accordingly emptied into Virginia. Poisoned through and through with laziness, the colonists then seized the white labourers sent out to work for the Company for wages, and sold them among each other to the highest bidders. Among the ancestors of thousands of the Virginians of this day were the [illegible] of England, who were sold to pay for their passages across the Atlantic. This merchandise in her own immigrants, was not discontinued by Virginia till after the Revolution, in 1776. "Servants" (genuine Anglo-Saxons) were made, by law, chattels appurtenant to the offices of Governor, Deputy, Treasurer, &c., &c., and went with those offices in succession—or would have done so, if they had not been sold back and forth among the tobacco farmers. Their blood runs to this day in the Old Dominion, in white men's veins. So large was the number of "vagrants," "pickpockets," "idle and dissolute fellows" given by the English Kings to their courtiers as property, and by them sold to the Colonists on the James River, and so horrible a reputation had their treatment and their characters occasioned the Young Dominion, that Smith says, "some of them in London chose to be hanged ere they would go thither, and *were hanged*."

De Foe has left evidence that most of the early Virginia emigrants consisted of transported convicts, and servants brought by ship masters to be sold. The mother of the principal character in one of his books, testifying on this point, says, "here many a Newgate-bird becomes a great man, and we have several Justices of the Peace, officers of the trained Bands, and Magistrates of the Town they live in, who have been burned in the hand."

But enough! The game is not worth the candle. The high place of the Kansas settlers in the history and the politics of the Republic, is sure.—*Albany Evening Journal.*


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1856.


## *TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING* OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY!

The Twenty-Third Public Anniversay of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held at the CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS (No. 446 Broadway, between Howard and Grand sts.), in the City of New York, on WEDNESDAY, May 7th, at 10 o'clock A. M., and will be continued at the same place during the remainder of the day, and on Thursday, 8th. Addresses are expected from Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Rev. Theodore Parker, Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell, of Cincinnati, Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, Charles L. Remond, and others to be hereafter announced.

As full an attendance of the members and friends of the Society as practicable, from all parts of the country, is earnestly desired and strongly urged.

We reiterate our former declaration, that the object of the Society is not *merely* to make "Liberty national and Slavery sectional"—nor to prevent the acquisition of Cuba—nor to restore the Missouri Compromise—nor to repeal the Fugitive Slave bill—nor to make Kansas a free State—nor to resist the admission of any new slave State into the Union—nor to terminate slavery in the District of Columbia and in the National Territories—but it is, primarily, comprehensively, and uncompromisingly, to effect the immediate, total and eternal overthrow of Slavery, wherever it exists on American soil, and to expose and confront whatever party or sect seeks to purchase peace or success at the expense of human liberty. Living or dying, our motto is "No Union with Slaveholders, religiously or politically!"

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

Edmund Quincy, } Secretaries.
S. H. Gay, }

## ANNIVERSARY WEEK, 1856.

**ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS,**

*May 7th and 8th, in the City Assembly Rooms, 446 Broadway (East side), between Howard and Grand streets.*

**Wednesday Morning, 10 o'clock.**

Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society.—Wm. Lloyd Garrison in the chair. Addresses by Wendell Phillips, Charles L. Remond, Lucy Stone Blackwell, and Theodore Parker. Admittance free.

**Wednesday Afternoon, 3 o'clock.**

American Anti-Slavery Society.—Adjourned meeting for Public Addresses. Admission free. Among those who will probably take part in this and the subsequent meetings of the Society are Wm. L. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, Lucy Stone Blackwell, Samuel J. May, C. C. Burleigh, Wm. Wells Brown, J. M. McKim, Samuel May, Jr., C. L. Remond, Lucretia Mott, Abby K. and Stephen S. Foster, Aaron M. Powell, and others.

**Wednesday Evening, 7 1-2 o'clock.**

American Anti-Slavery Society.—Address by Theodore Parker. Subject: "The Interest of Northern Men in keeping Slavery out of Kansas and Nebraska." Admission 10 cents.

**Thursday Morning, 10 o'clock.**

American Anti-Slavery Society.—Adjourned meeting for Public Addresses, by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of Jersey City, and others. Admission free.

**Thursday Afternoon, 3 o'clock.**

American Anti-Slavery Society.—Final meeting for Addresses and Business. Admission free.

**Thursday Evening, 7 1-2 o'clock.**

Anniversary of the New York Anti-Slavery Society.—Addresses by Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips. Admission 10 cents.

☞ The stated Meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held at the Anti-Slavery Office, on the 8th of May, at 4 P.M.

The Fair Committee at the close of the meeting of the Society.

The Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Convention, of which a brief report will be found in another place, was, as we learn by a brief note from Mr. May, largely attended. An excellent spirit was manifested by the people, and the speakers, especially Garrison, Remond and Brown, were more than usually eloquent. The weather was highly favourable, and the whole occasion, in short, very satisfactory.

## *AMERICAN POLITICS.*

It is a strange anomaly. We pronounce the very word Politics with contempt; we deprecate all earnest interest in the matter, treating political discussions as trifling, and decming political movements soulless and unprincipled. At the same time, nothing occupies so much of time and thought and labour. The boy studies, instigated by the hope of becoming Senator or Governor, possibly President. The young man is trained to value beyond everything the right of suffrage; before he is old enough to exercise it, he learns to anticipate it with earnestness and perhaps pride; and when the time comes, he exults to signify his thought by the ballot. But all wise and reverend men tell us how false and hollow the whole thing is.

What is that, so universal an interest, so heartless a show—what the pursuit, so zealously taken up, so devoutly deprecated—which seems thus to absorb thought in America, while Americans denounce it as eloquently as they discuss it? To answer this question, as to answer every question truly, we should seek the absolute ideal. And in this case we have not far to seek. Human nature, every one feels, is social. Each person is indeed complete in himself; but the completeness involves a natural and spontaneous and unselfish attraction, which pervades his whole organism and every particular element and power, toward others, his kindred and associates. He is drawn to them, they are drawn to him, each to all, all to each. What the soul seeks, even physical necessities compel. Families and neighbourhoods are formed, enlarging till they grow into cities: so men become citizens. Anciently the city constituted an independent State, whether kingdom or commonwealth. Whatever concerned the common welfare of this city, whether kingdom or republic—whatever belonged to the general interests of all as citizens—was political. If the city has widened into a country, and if the country has spread out into a vast territory, containing millions instead of thousands, the change is only circumstantial, not essential, and the common welfare, the general interest, of each citizen and of the whole population remains the precise political problem. So, when we speak truly of American Politics, we speak of whatever pertains to the well-being and improvement of the whole American people so far forth as they constitute a nation, including, of course, the well-being and improvement of each person so far forth as he is a citizen of this great Commonwealth. It is easy to see from a statement so broad as we have now made, without going into details, how deep, how thorough, how vital, the principles of political relation and action. A great defect in the endeavour to supplant old despotisms by new and better institutions has proceeded from oblivion of the ideas contained in this declaration. We may proclaim the creation of all men into a state of social and political equality; we may declare that they are endowed with unalienable rights, and among these enumerate life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. But the fact prior to these facts, which in such annunciations we may quite overbok, is the nature itself of man. If each man is a godless and soulless animal—if all union of man with man is aselfish combination, sought for private ends, maintained by mere artificial compact, secured by mutual jealousy—if a nation is a mere company for the transaction of business and a constitution but the compact of the firm, or a commercial treaty between different sections and interests, we have no reason to wonder that republics dissolve and political institutions rise and fall, as in France, for instance, within the last seventy years. Equality and identity of rights are not enough: these might exist among brutes. The ground of that equality in human nature, the element of that identity, the divineness of those rights, must be felt and confessed; otherwise our national politics become superficial, shallow, theatrical, Pharisaic boasts, not Divine ideals rousing our enthusiasm and teaching us to pray with the lowly and devout Publican, so that we may come forth elevated by the sentiments of justice, and conscious of a Divine paternity.

Calhoun—we do not think of vouching for his opinions or his conduct, so far are they from everything which we can approve—appears to us to have indicated, beyond most whom we call politicians or statesmen, some perception of the religious and moral element in politics. He saw so much as this, that national union lies in something deeper than written articles and a forced conformity; that it must rest on unity of feeling and, in particular, on religious sympathies. So, while most men saw in the sectional division of the Methodist denomination nothing but another ecclesiastical schism, he perceived in it the weakening of those attractions, secret, religious, moral, through which different portions of the country are drawn and held together, by love of the heart, not by strength of the hand. For ourselves, we might welcome the schism as one among the symptoms of a revolution, wherein the unnatural connection of slavery with freedom shall be dissolved, wherein we ask and hope, not for schism or division or sectional discords, but for the dissolution of the schism which slavery has made, which slavery in its very essence is; for the removal of division by the removal of that despotism which banishes freedom and truth from its domain; for the conversion of existing discords in the Constitution of the Union and the habits of the country into the harmony of States and of a nation obedient to the voice of Love, penetrated by the spirit of universal sympathy, blessing every citizen, blessed by the benediction of every living soul.

While thus the champion of slavery deplores what we contemplate with other feelings than those of sorrow, we are none the less happy to recall his testimony to the great principle, that a Commonwealth is a living Union, not a lifeless mechanism; a body, not a corpse; a natural growth, not an artificial fabric; an union, a body, a growth, moreover, not of mere selfish or commercial interests, but of souls quickened and fraternized by the elements of a religious consciousness.

The absence of this perception from the general thought explains the apparent contradiction in reference to Politics in America. There is enough in them to call forth a proud and boastful patriotism, to identify them with the pursuits of business and money, to rouse ambition as it goes round and round after office and rank, thus to account for all the zeal with which elections are conducted and parties are brought into conflict. There is not, however, enough in their recognised character and relations to inspire a thorough religious earnestness, to make them absolutely sincere and honest, so to identify political convictions with the imperishable elements of enthusiasm in the soul that the citizen, who is also the politician, feels them as one and the same within him. So with his week-day dress the citizen puts his politics off for a Sunday dress and a Sunday habit of thinking and feeling. He cannot bear to hear the everlasting laws of society proclaimed, though they touch and penetrate the courses or his thought and action through his whole life: these are politics, and to his mind politics and the selfish policies of temporary combinations are the same thing. Thus detached from religion, from essential morality, from human sympathies, from the life and soul of immortal man—thus reduced to low, mean, superficial relations, to the gains or the protection of money, subordinating conscience to convenience, reason to wealth, the soul to the body, God to the world, and the Law proceeding from his bosom, to fill the world with harmony, to the conventions and statutes of men—politics, as a science among the noblest and most divine, as an art, or course of action, one with the inmost and holiest energies of mankind, hath fallen so low that few do it reverence, and he would scarce escape laughter who should dream there is anything in so base an idol, so thin a shadow, worth reverence. And as people think themselves privileged to deceive without the imputation of falsehood if it is April Fool's Day, so they might be fancied to deem the same privilege in behalf of politics extended to the whole year. No one, perhaps, soberly believes it, but there is some ground for assertion of it as expressive of an implicit feeling, "All is fair in Politics."

"The Constitution for the United States of America" declares itself ordained and established for precisely these purposes: the formation of a more perfect union, the establishment of justice, the insuring of domestic tranquillity, provision for the common defence, promotion of the general welware, and security for the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. To say nothing of the faults in this Constitution, its virtual exclusion of so many among our population from their place as a portion of the people, and those unjust concessions which it grants to slavery, we might derive from the Preamble perhaps all the vital principles of Politics, asking only their universal and unqualified application. Yet, in the prosecution of the great measures in the history of our confederated Republics, we may assert, without fear of contradiction, that the principles themselves, the great ideas involved in this declaration, have been constantly set at nought. For ourselves and our posterity, for the European portion of the people, some heed may have been given to them; for the African portion of the people, none. But union, justice, domestic tranquillity, common defence, general welfare, the blessings of liberty, are realities to mankind, not to tribes and parties; to the white or red or yellow man, as to the black, and to the black as to the white or red or yellow. Directly, we do not ask that our Union should advance these purposes in behalf of England or France, for England and France are themselves distinct and independent nations. Directly, we maintain that our Union should advance these purposes in behalf of all the people existing under the control of the Federal laws and Constitution, of all who are an integral and permanent portion of our population. Neither in the commencement nor in the continuance of our Government has there been even the pretence of applying these great ideas to all the people; the application is limited to certain classes. Thus universal principles have been narrowed to partial applications, absolute ideas reduced to selfish relations, humanity depressed below condition, justice, liberty and the like divested of infinitude, their true character, and limited and measured by personalities and pecuniary interests and selfish lusts. The consequence is not unnatural, that statesmen should make of the Constitution a treaty of commerce, and that to Americans the grand questions of politics should dwindle into projects and expedients for acquiring the wealth which is counted prosperity.

"What of all this?" it may be said. "Grant the facts as you state; grant at least that if there be something overcharged in the delineation, it is yet one tendency of things. We may confess it, as politicians themselves confess, as the world generally concedes; but what is the practical inference? It is of little use to wail over the evils of the times, none to look back on past errors and deplore them. The past is past; the world goes on its own way, careless of your moralizing. Tell us what is the remedy, or else be silent." There is something reasonable in this appeal, let us acknowledge. And we think there is a remedy. First of all, let us go deeper into the whole class, as it now is, of politics. Let us not eschew the questions stigmatized by some as out of the compass of religious morality, because they are political, taken out of our hands by others and transferred to a place whence the Avaunt sounds to us as from holy ground, but let us accept them, and investigate them as at once near and sacred. Let us essay the problems as they rise, and just as earnestly as we condemn the falseness of common notions, and sever ourselves from prevalent parties, so earnestly let us confess and proclaim the dignity and divineness of true politics, the worth and the power of those laws by which man is destined yet to develope new social powers and a greater order of nations and communions. Both from religious declaimers who dissuade us from these and other things which they pronounce secular and unessential, and from irreligious demagogues who pervert all principle by cunning craft and crooked policy for personal advancement, let us seek to redeem political truth, asserting its Divine dignity, its harmonies with reason, its relations to the immortal essence and everlasting progress of mankind. The sounding trifles and the insincere solemnities, let us reject and expose them; the secret energies and the pure vitalities which have been distorted and hidden so long, let us strive to discover, to lay open, to introduce into the whole order of society.

True, we cannot mingle with the parties. True, many of us cannot so much as aid in the election of National or State officers. So we may be regarded as inefficient; we may be charged with doing nothing, though we talk well. Just as if declining to follow parties, declining to vote, withdrawment from what we deem wrong action, were not itself action. There is as much action in turning from a party as in following a party; in refusing a vote as in throwing a vote; in acting as we think right as in acting when we think it wrong. Or grant we do but talk, as they contemptuously call it. Talk is action; sincere talk is sincere action, living words are living actions; the true word, like the true work, is charged with Divine power. What is the world itself but product of the word determining itself to this majestic harmony? What is the Christianity wherein the world finds its life but the word descending from heaven to earth, coming down from the height to raise man above himself and his sins and sorrows? And if we can but interpret some voices of the creative and benignant word—if we can so receive the inspirations of the Eternal as to breathe them out, not on the desert of air, but into the souls and associations of men—if so we can communicate aught of the Highest into our lowlier spheres, let us not accuse ourselves of doing nothing, because we cannot do the things which the age demands. The word, even through our lips, which is even now going forth to regenerate political institutions and political ideas, and to bring nations as well as persons into harmony with the celestial order, shall never be spoken without effect, shall never return void and fruitless. It is nothing personal, nothing local, nothing temporary. Impersonal, infinite, everlasting, it outlives all changes; and with the passing of each old and obsolete order, it creates evermore new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

## *RELIGIOUS CONVOCATIONS.*

The two General Assemblies of the Presbyterian Church, the Old and the New Schools, will meet in this city on the 15th inst.; the Old School in the First Presbyterian Church (Rev. Dr. Phillips) in Fifth Avenue, and the New School in the Madison Square Church (Rev. Dr. Adams). The opening sermon in the Old School Assembly will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Rice, of St. Louis; that in the New School by the Rev. Dr. Wisner, of Lockport, N. Y. The question of slavery will undoubtedly come before both these bodies in some shape. The Old School Assembly is usually the least agitated of the two, having in it least of the spirit of progress and reform. In the New School Assembly the whole question of the power of that body over slavery, respecting which there is a wide conflict of opinion, will come up on a report from a committee appointed last year. The experience of the past affords no ground for hope that either of these bodies will utter a faithful testimony against slavery. They will doubtless pursue the same shuffling, equivocating course as in former years, crucifying the Son of God afresh in the persons of the slaves, and serving the cause of their oppressors. We shall watch their proceedings for the benefit of our readers.

Another Presbyterian body, however, of a widely different character, will meet in this city on Wednesday, May 25th. We allude to the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian (Covenanter) Church of the United States, which will be opened by a sermon, by the Rev. T. W. J. Wylie, of Philadelphia, in the evening of the day above named, in the Church of the Rev. Dr. M'Leod in Twelfth street, where the subsequent sessions will be held. This Church long ago put slavery into its category of crimes. It admits no slaveholder to communion, and its members take no voluntary part in the pro-slavery Government of the United States. It stands substantially on the same platform with the American Anti-Slavery Society. A sketch of its past action on the subject of slavery will be found on the first page.

The Progressive Friends of Pennsylvania, as will be seen by a notice in another column, will hold their next Yearly Meeting at Longwood, commencing on the 18th inst. It will of course not fail to utter a strong testimony against slavery. We understand that the Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, will take a prominent part in this meeting, which will no doubt be numerously attended.

A Yearly Meeting of "Friends of Human Progress" (identical in its principles and aims with the foregoing) will be held at Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y., commencing on Sunday, June 1st. The Rev. Theodore Parker is expected, we believe, to take part in the proceedings.

The Case of Passmore Williamson against Kane, as we learn from the *Delaware County* (Pa.) *Republican*, has been postponed until the August term of the Courts of that County. Eminent counsel have been engaged on both sides, and the trial will be one of much interest—that is, if a trial ever takes place, as we hope and trust it will.

## *RHODE ISLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.*

The Convention met in Providence at Westminster Hall at 10 o'clock, Saturday, April 26, pursuant to the call issued, and was called to order by Asa Fairbanks, Esq., who read a list of nominations for officers and committees for the Convention, which being adopted, the following persons were declared the officers of the Convention:

*President*—Dr. Peleg Clarke, of Coventry.

*Vice-Presidents*—Asa Fairbanks, Daniel Mitchell, Amos J. Ballou and Darius P. Lawton.

*Secretaries*—Edward Magill and Samuel May, Jr.

*Business Committee*—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Sophia L. Little, Wm Wells Brown, George J. Adams, Stephen S. Foster, Susan B. Anthony and Charles L. Remond.

*Finance Committee*—T. M. Hathaway, A. R. Janes, Elizabeth B. Chace and Sallie Holley.

Dr. Clarke took the chair, thanking the Convention for the confidence reposed in him.

Rev. Samuel May, Jr., of Boston, and Charles L. Remond, of Salem, Mass., addressed the Convention briefly on the object of the meeting.

On motion of Mr. Garrison, it was

Voted, That all who may be present at the meetings of this Convention be invited to participate freely in its deliberations.

Mrs. Robbins expressed the desire that in commencing the business of the Convention, prayer should be offered; and herself offered a brief prayer.

Mr. Garrison, for the Business Committee, reported the following resolutions:

Resolved, That, as in the midst of a conflagration which threatens the total destruction of the city, he who discourages action for its suppression is no better than the incendiary; so, when an overshadowing tyranny is putting in jeopardy the most sacred rights and the most precious interests, he who is for making a truce with it, or who attempts to make any other issue paramount, is to be ranked among the betrayers of individual and national liberty.

Resolved, That in the struggle for the extinction of slavery in our land, every friend of freedom will joyfully enlist, admitting of no neutrality, making no compromise, and giving no quarter.

Resolved, That in declaring in their Constitution, that "Slavery shall not be permitted in this State," and that "every man is to be protected in person and property," the people of Rhode Island have adopted the fundamental principle of the anti-slavery movement, namely, that man cannot be the property of man; that slaveholding is, under all conceivable circumstances, an immorality, and that immediate emancipation is the right of the slave and the duty of the master, wherever slavery exists, nevertheless:

Resolved, That in giving their religious and political sanction to the enslavement of four millions of the inhabitants of the South, and binding themselves by an oath to keep those four millions in their chains by cooperation with a slaveholding oligarchy, the people of Rhode Island are trampling upon the principles embodied in their State Constitution, and involving themselves in the guilt and infamy of the slave system; and, until they withdraw this sanction, and cease to "strike hands with thieves and consent with adulterers," their professions of religion and republicanism but deepen their criminality, and add sin to sin.

Resolved, That the question to be first settled here is, therefore, not whether Carolina can be abolitionized, and thus induced to give freedom to her slave population, but whether Rhode Island can be persuaded to espouse the cause of impartial liberty; not whether the South can be reached in her conscience, but whether the North can be made strong and consistent on the side of justice and humanity.

Resolved, That we can comprehend neither the sense or right nor the moral philosophy of those who are making the question of slavery one of latitude and longitude, as in the struggle to restore the Old Missouri Compromise, and in the cry, "No more slave States"; leaving four millions of slaves still in their fetters, guaranteeing slavery in fifteen slave States, agreeing to a slave oligarchy in Congress, granting the slave master a constitutional right to seize his fugitive slaves in every part of the country, and upholding a pro-slavery national compact.

Resolved, That we know of no geographical issue with slavery; that if the right to hold slaves and traffic in human flesh is to be conceded, upheld, and made compatible with Republicanism and Christianity in one-half of the Union, under the shield of the Constitution, we see no moral reason why that right should not be as fully conceded, and exercised in Kansas, and throughout the entire North; and therefore the Southern slaveholders may well sneer at those whose morality on this subject is "bounded by 36 deg. 30 min., north latitude.

The Convention was then addressed by Mr. Garrison and Mr. William Wells Brown. Mr. Brown's remarks were chiefly in allusion to an article which appeared in one of the city papers on Saturday morning, condemnatory of the Convention and its proposed speakers, and also its being continued through the Sabbath, and were particularly severe. Mr. Garrison followed upon the same subject, as also did Mrs. Sophia L. Little, of Newport, and Mr. May.

The Convention then took a recess until 2 o'clock, to meet at that time in Normal Hall.

Afternoon Session.—The Convention met at Normal Hall, the President in the chair.

Remarks were made by Messrs. May, Garrison, Foster, Remond, D. Mitchell, S. Jewett, G. T. Day and others, in relation to the formation of a State Anti-Slavery Society.

On motion of Mr. May it was voted to appoint a committee of five, to consider the subject of the formation of a State Anti-Slavery Society, and report a constitution for the same at a future meeting, said committee to be appointed by the Chair.

The Convention then adjourned to 8 o'clock, P.M., then to meet at Westminster Hall.

Evening Session.—The Convention met at Westminster Hall, the President in the chair.

Mr. Garrison announced that he had just received from Wendell Phillips, a telegraphic despatch, stating that owing to indisposition, he should be unable to attend the Convention, as he had expected to do.

Mr. Garrison then spoke for about half an hour, and was followed by C. L. Remond, of Salem, Mass., who spoke at some length, and was frequently applauded.

The Convention then adjourned to meet to-morrow morning at 10 1-2 o'clock in the same place.

SECOND DAY—Sunday, April 27.

The Convention was called to order at 10 1-2 o'clock, the President in the chair.

Prayer was offered by Mrs. Little.

Selections from the Scriptures were read by Mr. Garrison.

Mr. Garrison, for the Business Committee, offered the following additional preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, in the *Daily Transcript* of Saturday, a wanton and malignant editorial attack is made upon this Convention, for attempting to help the millions of perishing bondmen at the South out of the horrible pit of slavery, on the Sabbath day; and whereas, the editor of that sheet claims to be surpassed by none in his advocacy of freedom; therefore,

Resolved, That this pretended veneration for the Sabbath, in postponement of the claims of suffering humanity, is a sure indication of religious hypocrisy and heartless selfishness; that it is identical in spirit and purpose with that which was exhibited by the Scribes and Pharisees, in the days of Jesus, when they cried out, "This man is not of God—he keepeth not the Sabbath day," and indignantly inquired, "Are there not six days in the week on which men may come and be healed?"—afterwards nailing him to the cross between two thieves.

Resolved, That the rebuke which Jesus gave to his malignant and Pharisaical assailants, applies in full force to the writer of the article in the *Transcript*.

Resolved, That believing with Jesus, that "man was not made for the Sabbath, but the Sabbath for man," and that "it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day," we are sure that, in endeavouring to undo heavy burdens, and to set the oppressed free, on this day, we are consecrating it to the highest and holiest purposes, rendering most acceptable worship to God, and closely imitating the example of Christ the Saviour.

Addresses were then delivered by Messrs. May and Foster, and Mrs. Little, all strongly in favour of disunion, as the only antidote to slavery.

[Mrs. Little is a daughter of our former Senator to Congress, the Hon. Asher Robbins, of Newport. Her remarks were made at some length, and, as to ability and logic, compared very favourably with any that were delivered.—*Providence Post.*]

Adjourned to 3 o'clock.

Afternoon Session.—Called to order at 3 o'clock, the President in the chair.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. May.

Remarks were made by Horace Keach, of Burrillville, against disunion, and in vindication of Republicanism. He was replied to by Mr. Garrison, who gave his reasons for favouring dissolution, and in a clear and logical manner exposed the inconsistencies of those who profess Republicanism. Mr. Downing, of Providence, spoke upon the same subject, as also did Mr. Foster, who took occasion to condemn, in strong terms, the free State government of Kansas, for excluding free coloured men from its soil.

Adjourned to 7 1-2 o'clock this evening.

Evening Session.—Called to order at 7 1-2 o'clock, the President in the chair.

A hymn was read by the Rev. Mr. May, and sung by the congregation.

The following persons were appointed a committee to take into consideration the formation of a State Anti-Slavery Society, in accordance with the vote passed yesterday, viz: Asa Fairbanks, Elizabeth B. Chace, T. M. Hathaway, Alphonso R. Janes, George James Adams and Mrs. Isaac Hale.

Mr. Garrison, for the Business Committee, offered the following additional resolutions:

Resolved, That the American Church still continues to be the "bulwark of American slavery," with its conscience seared as with a hot iron, its heart as hard as the

A NORTH-SIDE VIEW OF SLAVERY. THE REFUGEE; OR, THE NARRATIVES OF FUGITIVE SLAVES IN CANADA, RELATED BY THEMSELVES, with an Account of the History and Condition of the Coloured Population of Upper Canada. By BENJAMIN DREW. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

This book affords a north-side view of slavery through the medium of the narratives of those who, having suffered in their own persons the evils of slavery and being unwilling to endure them longer, with heroic fortitude have braved all the dangers and hardships of an escape from bondage to a place of refuge in Canada. The publishers vouch for the author as "a gentleman of high character, whose statements may be relied upon, whose intelligence is not likely to have been deceived," and who has executed his task "with conscientious care and fidelity." The author visited fourteen different places in Canada, where the fugitives reside, and he gives brief statistics of the number and condition of the coloured people in each place. But the book is mainly made up of the narrations of the fugitives themselves, given in their own language, with such observations as they have seen fit to make in regard to their condition in and out of slavery. It is useless to say, perhaps, that these narrations are full of strange and thrilling interest. "Nowhere else," say the publishers, "can be found such a mass of direct and unimpeachable testimony as to the true character of the peculiar institution." The reason of this will be found in the following extract from one of the narratives:

"A man can get more information in Canada about slavery than he can in the South. There I would have told you to ask master, because I would have been afraid to trust a white man; I would have been afraid you would tell my master. Many a time my master has told me things to try me. Among others he said he thought of moving up to Cincinnati and asked me if I did not want to go. I would tell him, "No! I don't want to go to any of your free countries." Then I'd laugh—but I did want to come—surely I did. A coloured man tells the truth here—there he is afraid to."

Slavery, in its mildest as well as its most diabolical features, is here depicted. Two fugitives from Missouri, a man and his wife, never heard of the lash in slavery; and yet they fled from the institution for good cause. "I left because they were about selling me South" is a frequently occurring statement; and the uniform testimony of the fugitives is, that "nothing can exceed the wickedness of slavery."

In regard to the condition of the fugitives, it appears that it has been greatly misrepresented in the States. Their necessities are not such as to require much, if any, assistance beyond what can be obtained in their immediate vicinity. Not more than three thousand out of thirty thousand (one in ten) require any assistance. They protest against sending aid in the manner it has heretofore been done, as productive of more harm than good, and it is recommended by some that any contributions hereafter made should be sent to a Society lately formed in Chatham, called the "Free-band," for mutual protection, to provide for the needy and "to stop the begging system in the United States." The lands are open to them for purchase and settlement and a considerable number have availed themselves of the privilege of acquiring a homestead and accumulating wealth. Their children have equal privileges with those of the whites in the schools, but owing to the prejudice which still exists in many places they do not avail themselves of it to as great an extent as is desirable.

### *AN ERROR CORRECTED.*

PETERBORO', March 23, 1856.

MY DEAR DOCTOR: These Garrisonians and these Republicans cannot understand me. For instance, THE STANDARD, that came last evening, says that I would have Congress legislate for the abolition of slavery; and the *Era*, that came last evening, says that I would have Gov. Chase "rescue the fugitives."

Now, it is to the Judiciary that I look to declare slavery unconstitutional, and thus to abolish it. And what I wished Governor Chase to summon a force for, was to capture the kidnappers.

If people would or could read me in the light of my great principle, that there is no law, and can be no law, for slavery, they would not misapprehend me, and, therefore, would not misrepresent me. This principle will yet triumph, and then I shall stand vindicated. In the meantime, I must be content to pass for a fanatic and a simpleton.

Yours truly, GERRIT SMITH.

We cut the above from *The National Era* of last week, though we "cannot understand" why Mr. Smith should have preferred to correct our blunders in that journal rather than in our own columns. We certainly have never intended to misrepresent his views, and will try to remember in future that *he* at least does not hold Congress bound to abolish slavery in the States. If we are not much mistaken, however, the contrary doctrine is held by many of the "Radical Abolitionists," as we are sure it is implied, if not directly avowed, in documents having their sanction. Their views are, in many respects, a jumble, and as they cannot agree among themselves, they need not wonder if they are sometimes misunderstood by others. For example, in their Convention last Fall, in Boston, we heard more than one of their speakers assert that human government had not the power of legislation at all—that their only duty was, to execute the laws already enacted by God! And yet the same men recognize Congress and the State Legislatures as legitimately constituted bodies, and are as anxious as other politicians to obtain seats therein. To our "Garrisonian" dullness this looks not a little like self-stultification, but perhaps we shall understand it better one of these days.

FROM KANSAS.—The following extract of a private letter from a gentleman in Kansas to his friend in this city has been handed us for publication.

"OSAWATOMIE, Kansas, April 10th, 1856.

* * * "Probably four-fifths of the actual settlers are in favour of a free State, but much to my surprise, and more to my sorrow, I found that a majority of these were governed more by self-interest than by principle. The term Abolitionist is used here more than at home as a reproach. Then there are too many seeking office; they have been growling together like dogs over a bone. A majority are in favour of 'The Black Law'—a law excluding free negroes from the Territory—one, in my opinion, degrading to men who have just been fighting and *yet will have to fight* for their own liberties.

"*We want more* EASTERN *men.* The story of Missouri aggression has, probably, not been exaggerated. Five days in Missouri bound me tighter than I had ever been to the Northern Republican party. The inroad expected in March, for which ample preparation had evidently been made, was suddenly quashed by a whisper from Washington, and now preparations are being made to provoke another war by the enforcement of the laws of the Missouri Legislature. The enemy are now being led by shrewder men, and I fear we will suffer, for the time being, more in the next battle than in the last. Let the result be what it may, we will not submit to such an outrageous code, even though enforced under the guise of law and backed by Federal authority. You must pray without ceasing. There are heavy odds against us, but God is with the right."

PORTRAIT OF SAMUEL J. MAY.—A most admirable photographic likeness—says *The Liberator*—of this world-wide philanthropist and untiring benefactor of his race has been taken by Messrs. Whipple & Black, of Boston, whose artistic skill and enterprise are deserving the highest commendation. Copies of it are for sale at their photographic rooms, at the Anti-Slavery Office in Boston, and at the bookstore of Crosby & Nichols. We join in the hope that it will find many purchasers among the numerous friends and admirers of Mr. May; especially as the artists intend it for his benefit rather than their own. Price, large size, $3. Smaller size, $2.

We also find in *The Liberator* the following extract from the *Christian Inquirer*, which somehow escaped us in that paper.

"We learn from a Syracuse paper that the Rev. S. J. May is just recovering from a severe attack of erysipelas. No one has a larger number of attached friends who take a strong interest in his well-being than brother May.

"A gentleman well acquainted with Syracuse tells us that he is *the* minister of the city, and that his impression is that his Sunday congregations number between nine hundred and one thousand people. Such success and influence are a good commentary upon what is so often said by parishioners of 'injury done to the cause,' and of 'the danger of driving people away,' and of 'breaking up the Society,' if the minister takes an interest in reformatory questions, and preaches upon them boldly. There are few clergymen who have done so much to recommend liberal Christianity to large numbers, who otherwise would have known nothing of it, as S. J. May."

THE CRYSTAL PALACE is to be sold to the highest bidder on the 22d inst., unless the City or some other body chooses to buy it before that time. It will be a shame if it is torn down and removed, when it might be put to a noble use and kept as a national ornament.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 623, opens with a deeply interesting article from *Frazer*, on "Zwingle and his Times," and contains besides a large variety of matter from the usual sources. 343 Broadway.

## From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLXXXVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent is shocked and exclamatory—He bemoaneth the woes of Judge Loring and upbraideth his persecutors—He telleth of the conspiracy against him—And of whom it came—Of the ground of attack on Judge Loring—The Correspondent justifieth the Judge—He expoundeth the Constitution and layeth down the law—And showeth the eminent prerogative of the Bench—He telleth of Mr. S. D. Bradford's speech in the Overseers—His reasons for voting against him as professor—Wholesome but unpalatable truths—Sancho Panza and Mitres—Platters and Partridge—The Correspondent is grateful and exchangeth assurances of good treatment for tribute, &c., &c., &c.

BOSTON, April 28, 1856.

It is too bad! There are some saints whom the ungodly are never tired of persecuting! There are bloodhounds who can never lose the trail of a victim when they have once got scent of him, but dog him to the last moment of their respective lives. There is poor Judge Edward G. Loring, for instance, whom one might have thought safe from further pursuit, after Mr. Dana and Gov. Gardner had saved him from the pack that so nearly did his business for him last year. One might have hoped that he would have been let alone and allowed to protect the widows and orphans of Boston in the humane spirit and with the legal acumen he had evinced towards the miserable Burns, whom he benevolently restored to happiness, comfort and home. But it is no such thing. I was just now asked to sign a Memorial to the General Court praying them to take fresh measures for the annoyance of this Mirror of Magistrates. I need not tell you what kind of a reception this inhuman proposition received from me. You know me well enough to need no assurances that I treated it as it deserved.

I am happy to say, however, that this work of darkness was not originally set on foot in this city. It was a firebrand from your Gomorrah that has lighted up afresh the pile of this new Edward the Confessor. Total Depravity was not sufficient of its own nature to suggest such a crime, without being improved by filtration through New York. It seems there is a newspaper published in your city called *The Tribune*, a copy of which chanced to find its way to Boston, in which, with a degree of malice truly diabolical, the suggestion was made which has rekindled the fires of the Inquisition. I can give you no information as to the sheet in question, but I know that it is spoken of in terms of the strongest condemnation by many of the gravest and most eminent citizens in Church and State, and from this taste of its quality I cannot but think that they are amply deserved. It seems Gov. Gardner, in his Reply to the Address of Judge Loring's removal, rested his refusal on the ground that he had violated no law of the State in what he had done, and that the proper course would be to pass a law forbidding any Judge of Probate from holding the office of a United States Commissioner. On this hint such a law was passed and approved by His Excellency. But Judge Loring has held on to both offices, notwithstanding this law, and your mischief-making contemporary suggested to the Legislature the duty of looking into the matter—as if it were any of his business! And it was to bring these facts before the Collective Wisdom that the meddlesome Memorial I have mentioned has been framed.

Now, there are many sufficient reasons which may be alleged in justification, or explanation, of Judge Loring's conduct. In the first place, he may well have doubts of the constitutionality of the prohibition. The United States Government is the Lord Paramount, the Suzeram, of the Nation, and the first and highest duty is due to it. What is necessary to its existence must override all merely municipal arrangements of a single scurvy State. Now, the due and orderly catching of negroes is its one vital function. Interfere with that and you derange the very main-spring of its life. Of course, this essential function cannot be normally exercised except by fit functionaries. Anything that tends to discourage or disable any of them, and especially one so eminently fitted for the trust, strikes at the very heart of the Union, and must be void, *ab initio*, as inherently immoral and parricidal. Then, again, suppose the constitutionality of the prohibition could be sustained, it by no means follows that Judge Loring is liable to censure for having disobeyed it. For from the knowledge of law in general he displayed on the occasion which has made his name immortal, it may well be doubted whether he knows that there is any such law as this in particular. And, you know, that though it is a well-established maxim that "*Ignorantes legis neminem excusat*"—no one stands excused through ignorance of the law—still this maxim does not apply to *Judges*. Everybody, it is taken for granted, knows the law—except a Judge; a Judge only is allowed to make mistakes in law with impunity. By virtue of this wise and humane exception we may hope to retain at once our Probate Judge and our most renowned Commissioner, in spite of all these assaults of his adversaries.

Did I ever tell you of the pickle that was applied to the smarting back of this martyred man after the flagellation he had received at the hands of the Overseers of Harvard College, by Mr. Samuel Dexter Bradford, one of the same? For fear I have n't, I will tell you the story now, while your mind is in a state of preparation for it by the pathetic prologue I have just recited in your ears. This Mr. Bradford, to the surprise of the world in general, voted against Judge Loring when his nomination by the Corporation as Professor of Law came before the Overseers for confirmation. As he was well known to be intensely National—a Hunker Democrat of the very most trustworthy description—men's minds were exercised to learn what motive could have induced that vote. This year, he explained it. It was from no disapprobation of Judge Loring's conduct in the Burns Case; on the contrary, he cordially approved of it, as well as of Governor Gardner's refusal to remove him on that account. But as one charged with the oversight of the interests of the University, he thought it was his duty to inquire into the fitness of nominees for the offices before acting on the nomination. He had performed this duty in this case, and, from the singular unanimity of opinion which prevailed among members of the legal profession on the subject, he had come to the conclusion, that it was "a nomination not fit to be made," and so he voted against him. Of course, you will understand that I do not pretend to give his words—the phraseology is mine.

Mr. Bradford further exhorted the Corporation to be specially on their guard against anything that looked like "*nepotism*," or a disposition to make the College a Hospital for the support of poor relations and needy dependants; but to regard only the qualifications and not the necessities of the candidates—or advice to that effect. You may judge whether all this was balm to our admirable Judge and his friends, or not. Had it been any of the Republican or Free Soil members of the Overseers, it had been nothing, a mere ebullition of Abolition spite. But coming from a National Democrat of the most undoubted loyalty to the Compromises, and whose sincerity in this unpleasant vein of commentary could not be questioned, it was a heavy blow and great discouragement. Poor Judge Loring cannot complain, with Sancho Panza, that should it rain Mitres, ne'er a one would fit his head. He has always had a succession of refreshing showers of that kind and his head could fit almost anything that came along—only, unluckily, this best one of all did not fit well enough to stick. He has never been one of those thriftless ones who failed to hold his platter right side up when it rained porridge; but this mess slipped between the cup and lip, and now these ruthless enemies of his are trying to upset what there is left of it. Such malignity were enough to shake the optimism of Candide himself, as to the character of the inhabitants of this best of all possible worlds.

I am sure I am much obliged to Judge Loring for having given me something to say this morning. When I sat down my mind was the *tabula rasa*—the clean sheet of white paper—of the metaphysicians. But having had a turn given to it in this direction by the circumstance above spoken of, it has gone off at a tangent in the defence of injured virtue. I had not expected that Judge Loring would have given me matter for another letter. I have had great reason for gratitude to him in time past. Perhaps this assault on him will give me topics for future epistles. Now that Mayor Smith has retired from office and sought the congenial society of the Fishes of Massachusetts; that Commissioner Curtis is away at Washington, assisting the Supreme Court as *amicus curi*; that General Edwards has, for a season (as a Correspondent of *The Tribune* I mentioned once said), "exchanged the Cannon's Mouth for that of the Mortar"; it is something to feel that my subjects are not all unfaithful, but that every now and then they come to bring me tribute, as to a new Solomon, if not of gold and silver and ivory, yet at least of apes and peacocks. In return I will promise to give them the best treatment of which I am capable.

D. Y.

JUDGE LEAVITT, of the U. S. District Court, sitting in Cincinnati, has released Marsh 1 Robinson, who was committed by Judge Burgoyne for contempt in refusing to produce before him the children of Margaret Garner. We have not yet seen Judge Leavitt's opinion in the case, but presume it rests upon the decision of Judge McLean in the Rosetta case.

SARAH PELLET IN NEW ORLEANS.—Miss Pellet, a graduate of Oberlin, has been in California for some time past, lecturing on temperance with great success. We had not heard of her leaving that State when we saw the following notice of her in the New Orleans *Picayune* of a recent date:

"There was a small, but apparently interested, audience present, last evening, at Lyceum Hall, on the occasion of the delivery, by Miss Pellet, of her promised lecture on Nicaragua. So far as we could follow the lecturer, whose voice, like Cordelia's,

'was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman,'

we gathered that she was full in the faith that Nicaragua has a magnificent 'manifest destiny' before it, and that it presents the most eligible advantages to the emigrant from the States. She gave a rapid and succinct historical sketch of the country and its revolutions, and dwelt upon the movements lately initiated and now going on therein, under Walker, as being less an invasion than a compliance with the desires and needs of the people of Nicaragua. The future of Nicaragua, under republican institutions, and under favourable circumstances for the development of its resources, was painted *en couleur de rose* by the lecturer, who seemed thoroughly to understand the subject upon which she discoursed so enthusiastically."

Has Miss Pellet joined the Fillibusters?

"DAUBING WITH UNTEMPERED MORTAR."—On the first page will be found an offer of a prize of $100 for a tract on Slavery, to be approved by three half-and-half, milk-and-water anti-slavery men, Rev. Dr. Smith, Rev. Dr. Hopkins and Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen. The intention probably is to get up a wishy-washy, sentimental tract, condemning slavery in vague and general terms, and yet practically excusing the very class of slaveholders whose example does more than that of any other to uphold slavery, viz: *the ministers and church-members who hold slaves under the lying pretence that it is for their good!* If, before those holding more radical views have time to bring the Directors of the Tract Society to terms, these cunning Doctors can procure such a tract and get those Directors to adopt and publish it, they may perchance succeed for a still longer period in blinding the eyes of the public to the meanness and wickedness of that Society as hitherto managed. The course of *The Independent*, we regret to say, has seemed to us to invite and facilitate some such jugglery as this. We shall see.

PHILLIPS'S REVIEW OF SPOONER.—We hope our friends will take occasion at the Annual Meeting, next week, to supply themselves with Wendell Phillips's admirable "Review of Spooner," published, a few years since, by the American Anti-Slavery Society, of which there are some copies at the Anti-Slavery Office, 138 Nassau street. It is just the thing to show up the fallacious sophistry of Spooner's book, as well as that of all the other quibbling plausibilities which the self-styled "Radical Abolitionists" are just now so assiduously pushing upon the notice of the anti-slavery public. Our friends will do well to fortify themselves with it, as it is completely overwhelming in its exposé of all their false positions.

LEWIS MARSHALL, of the West Chester (Pa.) *Independent Herald*, has retired from that paper, having sold the same to Wm. L. and E. F. James, by whom it will be continued. Mr. Marshall, in his brief editorial career, has shown himself a man of incorruptible integrity, and one who scorns to employ the press for any other than the highest ends. He will carry with him in his retirement the sincere respect and hearty good-will of those who have enjoyed the benefit of his labours.

ANOTHER GOOD MAN REMOVED.—We notice in *The Liberator* the painful announcement of the decease of JOHN ROGERS, of Boston, formerly a member of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and one of the earliest and truest friends of the cause. He was, we believe, a descendant, in direct line, of the martyr of Smithfield.

THE SLAVE SCHOONER FALMOUTH, which was seized by the Government recently, while clandestinely leaving this port, and condemned as a slaver, was sold last week, at the Navy Yard in Brooklyn, by order of the United States Marshal, for the sum of $3,500. The cargo was also sold, bringing good prices.

## Summary.

PUNCH is after the English historian, with this bit:

HONEST ADVICE TO MR. MACAULAY.—"Mend your Penn."

A slave, a carpenter by trade, was lately sold in Adams County, Miss., for three thousand seven hundred dollars.

Mr. John G. Palfrey is now in England, employed in the collection of materials for a History of New England, which he is about to write.

Col. Wm. Schouler has retired from the Cincinnati *Gazette*, proposing to embark in commercial pursuits. The editorial profession will be sorry to lose him.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Cox has been unanimously chosen President of the Ingham Collegiate Institute at Le Roy, N. Y. He accepts the appointment and will deliver his inaugural address at the next auniversary, June 25th.

PRESENT TO NEAL DOW.—The ladies of Portland have recently presented to Neal Dow a beautiful silver salver and four silver goblets. If Mr. Dow has some enemies in Portland he has also a troop of friends.

FUGITIVE SLAVES.—Medford was the first town in New England that rescued a fugitive slave. The slave was owned by the father of the brave naval Captain Ingraham. The story of the rescue is beautifully told in the History of Medford, p. 438.

Rev. James Beecher, wife and child, are to sail from Boston, on the 25th inst., in the ship Wild Pigeon, for Canton, China, where Mr. Beecher will enter upon his labours as a missionary. He is a son of Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher.

CHARACTERISTIC.—Of the score or two of journals which assailed Cassius M. Clay as a trafficker in slaves, not one has published his explanation of the charge. If they should do so, it would be taken as prima facie evidence that they were unfit for the political work assigned them.

MURDER OF AN OVERSEER BY NEGROES.—We learn from the Richmond (Madison parish) *Advocate* that Mr. Bristow, the overseer on the plantation of W. H. Harris, Esq., was murdered by some of the negroes on Sunday, the 6th inst. The negroes implicated in the killing have been arrested and lodged in jail.—*N. O. Picayune.*

TOBACCO DANGEROUS, COTTON SAFE.—A lady of stately proportions, walking the other day on one of our sloping sidewalks, stepped on a moist cigar, which some gentleman (?) had thrown down, and, presto, went from a perpendicular to a horizontal contact with the flagging. A bystander, who had the double pleasure of helping her up and of perceiving that she was uninjured, made this reflection: That she owed her fall to tobacco, and her safety to cotton.—*Trib.*

"The word slaves or slavery is not found in the Bible."—*Amos Kendall's Letter to Israel Hunt.*

"Is *Israel* a servant? is he a home-born slave? why is he spoiled?"—*Jeremiah* ii., 14.

With regard to the first two questions, we rather think he is. But with regard to the other, we are sure we can't tell. For some wise purpose probably. But the Hon. Amos must mind his reading. Folks will not believe his Bible argument, else.—*Nashua Telegraph.*

SINGULAR INCIDENT—BIRTH IN A THEATRE.—On Thursday evening of last week the National Theatre was crowded to excess, and the press upon opening the door was very great. In the crowd was a woman somewhat advanced in pregnancy. The jam and squeeze to which she was subjected, while passing from the lower vestibule up the box stairs, produced an instantaneous premature delivery the moment she reached the topmost stair.—*Boston Gazette.*

Olive Oatman, who was taken prisoner by the Yuman Indians in 1851, when her parents and five brothers and sisters were killed, on their way to California, has recently been ransomed by the officers of the United States army at Fort Yuma. She is now sixteen years old, and is more fully developed than many girls of twenty. When brought into camp she threw herself on the sand, and would not rise till suitable female garments were given to her.

FULL DRESS.—The Boston *Trumpet* makes the following ingenious turn. It is worth a thought.

"Recently one of the most renowned French pulpit orators, the Abbe de Deguerry, observed, in a sermon, 'Women now-a-days, forget in the astonishing amplitude of their dresses that the gates of Heaven are very narrow.'

"Ah! well remembered. But if the gates of Heaven are so narrow as to exclude the ladies on account of their full dresses, how will the clergy go in, clad in their enormous surplices?"

We yesterday saw a white fugitive from slavery, in our city. He was a boy, only eight years of age, and displays an unusual degree of intelligence. He comes from Louisville, Ky., under the charge of an agent of the U. G. R. R. He is as purely white as any person in our streets, has blue eyes, Saxon hair and regular features. He is under the charge of George Babtiste, and if any of our citizens wish to adopt a fine boy, now is a good opportunity.—*Detroit Adv.*

THE PECULIAR INFAMY.—One day last week, a fugitive slave passed through Columbus, who was almost as white as any person in that city. He was about fifteen years of age, and was sent off by his own mother—*the daughter of her master!*—to save him being torn from her to be carried South for a market! A father holds *his own daughter* as a slave—this daughter has a son by *her own half brother*, and that son was to be sent to New Orleans for market, and sent, too, by his own grandfather! How far below the common grade of human nature must that man be fallen, who boldly advocates such a monstrous institution! Who is base enough to shrink from the duty of opposing the spread of such a system of slavery, for fear of being called an Abolitionist?—*Cleveland Leader.*

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.—The Dover (N. H.) *Enquirer* learns that addresses will be given at the next Commencement of that Institution, July 31, as follows: Before the united Literary Societies, Prof. Holmes of Harvard College; Phi Beta Kappa Society, H. J. Raymond, Editor of the New York *Times*; Theological Society, Prof. Hitchcock, of the Union Theological Seminary, late of Bowdoin College. Dodworth's Serenade Band is engaged for the occasion.

Senator Benjamin, of Louisiana, who lately made a gross attack upon Professor Silliman of Yale College, representing that he called for arms to resist the government, it seems left Yale College many years since under circumstances that should induce him to treat respectfully and courteously not only its officers but all who know the facts in the case. The New Haven *Palladium* intimates that but for the indulgence of the officers of the college, he would have occupied less dignified quarters than the U. S. Senate.

"The inkstand used by the plenipotentiaries was specially manufactured for the purpose. It is a splendid work of art, in the style of the first empire, and the cost is estimated at 11,000 francs."—*English paper.*

"The inkstand used by Jefferson in writing the Declaration of Independence did not cost one franc, and the writing will stand long after the Paris treaty has been buried in the rubbish of fallen despotism."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Does the *Sun* refer to the document which is now styled by Democratic leaders a "self-evident lie?"—*Boston Telegraph.*

They tell good stories, now and then, of some of the members of the pious old orthodox stock in Massachusetts. An elderly gentleman of this class, returning home on Sunday from church, began to extol the merits of the sermon to his son. The following short dialogue tells the story:

"I have heard, Frank," said the old gentleman, "one of the most delightful sermons ever delivered before a Christian society. It carried me to the gates of heaven."

"Well, I think," replied Frank, "you had better have dodged in, *for you will never have such another chance.*"

FREE NEGRO BILL IN THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.—A bill has passed the Virginia Legislature providing that free negroes migrating to, or voluntarily entering, the State, without authority of law, are to forfeit their freedom. Hotel keepers employing free negroes of another State, shall be liable to a fine of $50. The 17th section of chapter 117 of the Code is repealed. The emancipation of slaves shall be null and void, unless $150 be provided for the removal of each slave from the State, within twelve months. Free negro convicts, at the expiration of their term of imprisonment in the Penitentiary, are to leave the State, within thirty days, or forfeit their freedom.

THE CANADIAN SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.—The Canadian Parliament has voted to make Quebec the permanent Seat of Government. The vote stood 63 to 51. It is not probable that this decision will go into effect until 1860, as Toronto was selected for four years from the last, and as it will require at least that length of time to erect a suitable building at Quebec. This vote will excite intense indignation throughout Western Canada. That portion embraces a large majority of the population, and three-fourths of the wealth, energy and enterprise, of the Province. Nearly all its commercial intercourse is with the United States, and its sympathies are more strongly in this direction, than with those who have neither national, commercial nor religious affinities with them.—*Albany Eve. Journal.*

A BOY PLEADING FOR HIS FATHER.—In the Municipal Court, on Saturday, John Spaine, convicted of an aggravated assault on Patrick Brannan, was brought up for sentence, and his little son, 9 years of age, appeared, and was permitted by the Court, Judge Huntington, to plead in behalf of his father. The brave boy spoke with all the eloquence of love and simplicity, pleading for mercy; and he promised the Judge that if he would let his father off that time, his mother and he would take care that he did not "do naughty" any more. The pleading of the affectionate son effected a mitigation of sentence from the House of Correction to fourteen days' imprisonment in the common jail.—*Boston Evening Telegraph.*

EXCHANGING OF RIFLES FOR PROVISIONS.—A very singular affair occurred one day last week at Independence in this State, which, as illustrating the delightfully harmonious relations existing between the Free State men and the "border ruffians," is well worthy of notice at this time. A lot of rifles were brought to Independence last Thursday from Kansas, by their owners, and sold at auction for what they would fetch, and the proceeds invested in provisions, which the rifle sellers took back with them to their homes. The aforesaid rifles brought from $12 to $16 apiece—a fact which shows that the Kansas rifle market is glutted. A rifle costs at the manufactory in the East, $25—so, that on those sold at Independence, there was a clear loss of $9 to $13.—*St Louis News, April* 16.

PRACTICAL ABOLITIONISM.—In the township of Calvin, Cass County, at the recent election, the votes of fifteen black negroes were taken by an election judge of the Democratic party. The votes of several such persons were likewise received at the Kalamazoo poll. Democrats should nowhere submit to wrongs of that sort. If there is no other way of preventing them, the members of election boards permitting them ought to be indicted, tried and punished for the offence—for an offence it certainly is. The constitution is pretty clear as to the qualifications of electors. None but *white* men, and persons of Indian descent in certain cases, are voters.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MANUMISSION OF EIGHT SLAVES.—Mr. Hampton Elliott of Adams County, Mississippi, has recently executed in this city, a deed of manumission, setting free and "absolutely discharging from service" a family of slaves, named: "Kitty, a woman aged about forty years, of dark complexion, and medium stature, and her children, Cullen, aged twenty-three years, Curilla, Daniel, Catherine, Milton, Lloyd and Huston." The deed sets forth: "That the said Kitty and her seven children are forever absolved from all liability to serve any person whomsoever as slaves," and so far as Mr. Elliott is able, he thereby invests the said Kitty and her children "with all the rights, privileges and immunities of free persons of colour."—*Cincinnati Commercial, April* 23.

WHAT FLESH AND BLOOD ARE WORTH IN MISSOURI.—*California, Mo.*, April 13, 1856.

I send you a statement of a negro sale we had in our town yesterday. The negroes were sold on six months' credit, and not purchased by heirs or the connections: one boy 17 years old, $1,400; one woman, 26 years old, and child 18 months old, $1,355; one woman, 25 years old, and two twin children, six months old, $1,320; one boy, 10 years old, $1,015; one boy, seven years old, $886; one boy, five years old, $565. The woman that brought the $1,320 was said not to be sound, so you can see what property is worth on the Railroad in Monitean, so far as negro property is concerned. Yours, respectfully, N. —*Correspondence of the Missouri Republican.*

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—Seven "chattels" passed "over Jordan" last evening. Six of them were from Henry County, Ky., a father and his two brothers were *half-brothers to their mistress-owner*; the mother was *daughter of her own master.* She had three brothers and one sister, all children of their master!

The seventh "chattel" was a full-blooded negro from Vicksburg, from whence he escaped, through the kind offices of a German woman, who brought him up the River as her own servant. The negro was a very shrewd, intelligent man, and will make his way anywhere. The whole of the above-named company are persons of decided intelligence, and will make respectable members of any community where they may reside. Several of them there are white enough to pass for white persons.—*Sandusky (Ohio) Register, April* 19.

The *Univers*, the leading Roman Catholic journal of France, and, indeed, of Europe, lays down, on the 3d of April, the following axioms:

"Railroads are not a progress;
"Telegraphs are an analogous invention;
"The freedom of industry is not progress;
"The invention of gunpowder is not a progress;
"Machines derange all agricultural labour;
"Industrial discoveries are a sign of abasement and not of grandeur."

We like these broad statements. There can surely be no mistake as to their intent, no overclouding and mystifying meanings in such sharp, curt axioms. Now the people know what is orthodox doctrine as regards human improvement. It is the middle ages versus the present, and they can choose between the philosophy and achievement of these two eras.—*Tribune.*

THE WHITE GIRL RESCUED FROM THE INDIANS A NIECE OF JUDGE SPERRY.—We learn that Judge Moses Sperry, of Chili, recognises, in the account of the discovery of a white girl among the Mohave Indians, published in this and other papers, a daughter of his sister, who removed with her husband, Lorenzo Oatman, to Iowa, and were murdered on their way across the Plains to California, as stated in the paper from which the account was copied. The whole family were supposed to have been murdered, as nothing had been heard of the missing children until the news of the rescue of the little girl. Undoubtedly, the children who have experienced such sharp vicissitudes, and been so wonderfully saved from death, will find friends to take care of them until they can be returned to the protection of their relatives.—*Rochester Dem.*

NEWSPAPERS.—It is rather a remarkable fact, that notwithstanding the precarious existence of all newspapers, one man (Nathaniel Willis, father of N. P. Willis) should successfully have established *three* papers in the course of his life; every one of which is to this day in flourishing existence. These papers are the *Eastern Argus* (established 1803), the *Boston Recorder* (1816), the *Youth's Companion* (1827).

Equally curious is it that the *father* of Mr. Willis before him (born in Boston, 1755) should also have published *three papers*, namely, *The Independent Chronicle* in Boston, from 1776 to 1784; *The Potomac Guardian* in Virginia, from 1790 to 1800, and the *Scioto Gazette* in Chillicothe, Ohio, established 1800, (the first newspaper in that State).

Of the *Potomac Guardian*, by the way, the family are in possession of a file, exceedingly interesting from the fact that the revolutionary news, fresh at the day, just as it came in warm and vivid from battles and victories, is therein contained, together with articles from distinguished revolutionary men.

AN UNJUST JUDGE—JUDICIAL MEANNESS.—The judiciary of Cincinnati has of late rendered itself somewhat infamous for the unfairness of its decisions. Another instance was last Saturday added to the catalogue. A young girl, early left destitute and an orphan, had, by most commendable energy and perseverance, fitted herself for a teacher. After a long and wearisome Winter session in Preble County, where, by the strictest economy, she had managed to save about $50, she set out to visit some friends in Cincinnati. At the Hamilton and Dayton Depot her pocket was picked of her hard earnings. Shortly after a gang of pickpockets were arrested, and on one of them was found the girl's porte-monnaie with the $50 in it. She appeared as a witness at the trial, and was able to recognise one of the gang as the person who had been next her when it was taken, but could not identify the bills. She remembered only that there was one twenty-dollar bill on the Northern Bank of Kentucky, but she was not permitted to know whether there was such a bill found or not. In order to identify the notes, she wrote to the Treasurer of Preble County, from whom she had received them, Judge Pruden promising that they should be *safely kept until she received an answer.* Three days after she got an answer to her letter, giving a description of the bills. She hurried with it to the Police Court, and was informed by the clerk that they were too busy to attend to her then, but she should come again at 2 o'clock. At the time appointed she returned, to be told by Judge Pruden that he had just ordered her money to be paid out to the lawyers who had defended the pickpockets! If Judge Pruden should ever be so unfortunate as to be compelled to sit in the pillory, and he had the power to commute his sentence to some milder punishment, it is highly probable that he would suffer the extreme penalty of the law!—*Cleveland Leader.*

THE PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM.—The Providence *Journal*, in the course of a somewhat lengthy notice of Prof. Hare's recent work on Spiritualism, makes the following remarks relative to the advance and present position of the belief:

"The importance which modern Spiritualism has attained in the United States and in Europe, exceeds that which any other philosophical or religious system, or delusion, as some prefer to call it, ever reached in so brief a period as that which has elapsed since it first came into notice. Unlike psychology, the science of the soul, which, from its abstruse nature, only interests metaphysical or deeply religious minds, this modern Spiritualism has been seized upon by all classes. The learned and the ignorant, the Christian and the infidel, the thoughtful and the giddy, have alike been affected by it, and it is now asserted in the journals enlisted in the cause, as well as in the work before us, that the number of believers in the philosophy of Spiritualism exceeds two millions in the United States. It is also stated that no single religious sect issues so many newspapers and periodicals as this, and to show the zeal which animates the leaders, we have seen the announcement of a monthly journal, to be published in Wisconsin, an exponent of the philosophy and phenomena of spiritualism, to make a volume of 600 pages a year, for one dollar. Publication societies have also been organized in New York, Boston, and elsewhere, and more than 200 volumes of books connected with the subject have already been issued. In England, France, Germany, Italy and Spain, the subject is attracting the attention of the learned, including the clergy and men of science; many books have been published on it in Europe, and a monthly journal has just been issued in London. When it is recollected that this has all been accomplished in about six years, it will be acknowledged that there is no parallel to it in the dissemination of any religious system which history records."

DEATH OF A SON OF MOLLY PITCHER.—The Carlisle, Ill., *Democrat* notices the death in that place, on Thursday week, of Sergeant John L. Hays, an old resident of Carlisle, and a soldier of the war of 1812. Sergeant Hays was born on the day of the battle of Lexington, and was consequently 85 years old. He was the son of the celebrated Molly Pitcher, who distinguished herself at the battle of Monmouth, and of whom the "Life of Washington" gives the following account:

"It was during this part of the battle, when Lee was struggling nobly against the overwhelming numbers that pressed on him, that an Irishman, while serving at his gun, was shot down. His wife, Molly, but 22 years old, employed herself, while he loaded and fired his piece, in bringing water from a spring near by. While returning with a supply she saw him fall, and heard the commanding officer order the gun to be taken to the rear; she immediately ran forward, seized the rammer, declaring she would avenge his death. She fought her piece like a hero to the last. The next morning, Gen. Greene, who had been struck with her bravery, presented her to Gen. Washington, who immediately promoted her to be a sergeant, and afterwards put her name upon the half-pay list for life. Previous to this she fired the last gun when the Americans were driven from Fort Montgomery."

At the close of the revolutution Molly took up her residence at Carlisle, where she was known as Molly McCauley. She lived to an advanced age, much respected by all, and was buried with military honours.

INDIAN WAR IN OREGON.—The Superintendent of Indian Affairs there, has written to the War Department at Washington, saying that "the future will prove that this war has been forced upon these Indians against their will, and that, too, by a set of reckless vagabonds for pecuniary and political objects, sanctioned by a numerous population who regard the Treasury of the United States as a legitimate object of plunder. The Indians in that district have been driven to desperation by acts of cruelty against their people. Treaties have been violated, and acts of barbarity committed by those claiming to be citizens, that would disgrace the most barbarous nations of the earth."

This is not the first time when manhood in America has been disgraced by barbarities designed to hatch a war out of which money could be made. The evidence is abundant that the Oregon Indians have been lashed into hostilities to furnish the territorial officers with the colour of a right to call the majority of the white population into military service. On this service will be based claims for pay, for compensations, for damages, for bounties, pensions, and value of property used by Government. Millions of dollars will be demanded. The Oregon military claims will run the course of the Texas Annexation Debt claims. They will gradually be absorbed into the hands of a few speculators on the Pacific Coast, and in the Lobbies at Washington, and be pressed upon Congress with a clamorous and defiant oratory, which will borrow patriotism from the Revolution, and determination to get what it wants from the logic of Disunion. If justice can be done the Red men in Oregon in no other way, we hope that the bloody scheme of their murderers upon the National Treasury will be utterly defeated. The American crime against the Indians is already too much. An example of the Oregon speculators in human life is needed.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

CASTE.—While many of the free States have enacted shameful and brutal laws, under the influence of the spirit of caste, it has been remarked that New England was an exception in this matter. But this is not true. Connecticut, no longer ago than last year, refused to amend her Constitution so that the dusky descendants of soldiers in the continental army might be

# Miscellaneous Department.

## SAINT PATRICK.

SAINT PATRICK'S Day in the Morning, in our village, is ushered in by our amateur band, who played the tune so called through the street for several hours after midnight, scaring the slumbers of the more orderly portion of the community, and accompanied by a mob of the less orderly. Whoever has lived near the practising-room of an amateur band knows that he might as well have a menagerie for neighbour; and now, when they burst out publicly, each making his brazen utmost of noise, the effect is tremendous. The clamour preserves some faint appearance of unanimity only through the exertions of two or three old militia bandsmen—the civilized allies, as it were, of this regiment of musical Bashi-Bazouks. Several times the din approaches; now up the street; now down; blares under the window, and withdraws—the drum's everlasting cadences vanishing last and returning first upon the auricular horizon. In startling proximity or tantalizing remoteness, the band proves equally fatal to sleep, and we gladly hear them begin God save the Queen at a magistrate's house close by; although these final throes are the most excruciating of all. The trombone has hitherto grunted his two possible notes with perseverance worthy of a better cause; but, confounded by the slowness of the National Anthem, he loses hold of that primary musical element—Time; notwithstanding, he bates no jot of bass, but blows the harder. The big drum is even more vehement than the trombone, and more undecided; he seems actuated by various theories of accompaniment in rapid succession. The clarionets are wheezy, the fife rambles, the cornopean is in a wrong key, and is playing alternately like a tornado and a penny-trumpet.

I can perceive by the moonlight that our big drummer has already been doing honour to the day. Overcome with libations, he has now laid his huge instrument horizontally on the ground, and himself in the same position beside it; and, in that difficult attitude plays out his part. The loyal tunes comes to a close at last, in a climax of discords; and as the procumbent drummer declines to leave off, his drumsticks are forcibly removed, he is hoisted on a comrade's back, his drum on another's; and, after a feeble cheer or two, they all go straggling off—band and spectators—some to sleep, some perhaps to get drunk or more drunk. The last lingerer is boy Cheevo, a son of the gutter, beggar, idler, probationary thief, who can sleep, if he tries, on a doorstep or under a kennel-arch; he lingers, looking after the departing crowd with something of the air of a host who has dismissed his guests. What is he thinking of, I wonder? Where will he go to? There is no one in the whole world to seek him, receive him, blame him for being out late. Some dull hopes are his, connected with his victualling department, from the dawning festival of Saint Patrick.

Now it is the day itself. Men and boys of the Roman Catholic faith wear bits of shamrock in their hats, and the little girls have each a cross on the shoulder; that is, a round of white paper three or four inches broad, with bits of ribbon of various colours stretched across it like the spokes of a wheel. The chapels are crowded at morning mass; and, at the mid-day ceremonial, the chapel-yards are filled with the overflow of worshippers, who catch a faint murmur through window or door, and stand or kneel outside with due regularity. A little later, the streets have frequent groups of country folk in their best attire—the girls with sleek hair, bright ribbons, and gay shawls, the matrons with snowy-bordered caps and cloaks of blue cloth, and every man and boy of the rougher sex garnished with his sprig of shamrock. The townspeople stand at their doors; acquaintances greet each other loudly; and many are the invitations to come to take a naggin, or a Johnny, or, supposing you are one of the few that still have the medal, as conferred by Father Matthew, you will hardly refuse to quag a measure of temperance cordial—a liquor, by the way, on which it is not impossible to get drunk.

Every public-house counter is thronged with noisy customers, so is the dark little back-room, so is the room up-stairs—which probably has an old chimney-mirror adorned with two peacock's feathers, two nondescript delft dogs on the mantleboard, with a jug of primroses gathered by the children last Sunday; on the walls a large rough woodcut of Death and the Lady with verses below, a portrait of Daniel O'Connell, and a row of coloured pictures of saints, three inches by one and a-half, glazed and framed in morsels of sheet brass, and a bed with blue check curtains in a corner. In this apartment the élite take their refreshments—which consist of raw whiskey, whiskey-toddy, temperance cordial, a little porter and ale of bad quality, and tobacco smoke. How this and the other pretty girl, who are being treated by a friend or lover, can sit with complacence in so stifling a climate, or bear to swallow even a glassful of such flaming usquebaugh, is difficult to understand. Down-stairs the calamity-water (an expressive name for it) is usually tossed off neat, and abominable stuff most of it is—the worst new grain whiskey, with its fieriness heightened by poisonous chemicals. I have heard say that the sale of large quantities of corrosive sublimate to the retail whiskey-dealers of Ireland can be proved from direct evidence. The introduction of some milder beverage that might, at least in many instances, supplant this liquid fire which the Irishman constantly uses to drown care, clench a bargain, cement friendship, treat his sweetheart with, and, in fact, applies indiscriminately on all occasions of refreshment, hospitality, or merry-making, would be a very great boon. The Englishman of the same rank sometimes drinks gin, but usually beer, which is a hundred times better than ardent spirits, and the Frenchman's wine is a thousand times better. People in Ireland learn to drink whiskey continually, and teach others to do so, partly because there is nothing else to be got.

The song tells us it was St. Patrick himself who

> Taught our Irish lads
> The joys of drinking whiskey;

but nothing can be more calumnious. The saint was a man of the most abstemious habits, and his teaching of a very different kind from that just mentioned. The genuine life of St. Patrick, as far as we can make it clear to us at a distance of fourteen centuries, is remarkably interesting; and though many points remain doubtful or in dispute, the main facts seem to be well-established. We need not pause to weigh the claims of Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany to the honour of giving him birth—the evidence appears in favour of Scotland—and among half-a-dozen dates we may be content to accept Anno Domini three hundred and eighty-seven as the year in which he came into the world, and four hundred and sixty-five as that of his death, at the age of seventy-eight, and on the day answering to our seventeenth of March. In the language of martyrologists, the day of a saint's nativity is that of his quitting earth and entering into the higher life. His father was Calphurnius, a deacon, who was the son of Potius, a priest. It is asserted by those who maintain the necessity of clerical celibacy, that they took orders after their children were born. The future saint was baptized with the British name, Succoth, signifying (as some say) Valiant in War. He was educated with care and tenderness, and his sweet and gentle character made him a general favourite. At the age of sixteen, having accompanied his parents, brother, and five sisters, to Armoric Gaul—since called Lower Brittany—to visit the relatives of his mother, Conchessa, he was in that country made prisoner by a piratical expedition commanded by the banished sons of a British prince, and, with many fellow prisoners, carried to the north of Ireland, and there sold into slavery. According to other accounts, he was snatched direct from his home, on a raid of the troublesome Irish (then called Scots) into Britain, at that time left undefended by the departure of the Romans. Thus the youth became slave to Milcho, the petty prince of a district now included in the county Antrim, and his three brothers—receiving the name of Ceathertigh, because he served four masters; but Milcho, noting his diligence and probity, bought the other's shares and made him wholly his own, sending him to tend cattle on the mountain of Slieve-Mis. In the Confessio Sancti Patricii, a short piece purporting to be written by himself shortly before his death, and believed to be genuine, many most interesting passages occur, and amongst them the following account of this period of his life, which, with the subsequent extracts, we have translated from the first printed edition of the writings of St. Patrick, published in sixteen hundred and fifty-six, from several ancient manuscripts, by the excellent historian Sir James Ware.

> After I had come to Ireland, I tended cattle continually, and prayed many times in the day, and more and more increased within me the love of God and the fear of him, and my faith waxed strong, and my spirit waxed strong; so that, in one day, I would offer up a hundred prayers, and so also in the night time. And I would even remain in the woods and on the mountain, and before the light rouse myself to prayer—in snow, in frost, in rain, and I took no hurt, nor had I any slothfulness, because (as I now see) the Spirit was then fervent within me.
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> In the seventh year of his slavery, he heard one night, in a dream, a voice telling him that he was soon to be restored to his native country; and, again, that a ship was prepared for him. "Whereafter," says he, "I turned me to flight, and left the man with whom I had lived for six years, and in the strength of God, who would guide my steps aright, went, fearing nothing, until I had found that ship." He reached a haven, and found there a ship, unmoored and just ready to sail, but the master refused to take him on board, because he had no money. So the young man departed and sought for a cottage wherein he might obtain rest and food. As he went he began to pray, and before his prayer was done, he heard one of the sailors calling after him, "Come back quickly!" and, when he returned, they said to him, "We will receive thee out of good faith; make friendship with us." There is nothing more perceptible in history than the innate power of great men to affect and control those whom they meet.
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> After many adventures, he reached his home in Britain, and embraced his parents; who entreated him, after the tribulations he had endured, never to leave them. But, after some time had passed, he saw one night, in a vision, a man—as if coming from Ireland—whose name was Victoricius, who carried a great number of letters, and gave him one, in the beginning whereof he read—The Voice of the Irish People. "And whilst I was reading the letter," says the saint, "me-thought I heard the voice of those who dwelt beside the forest of Foclute, which is nigh the western sea, and they exclaimed, 'We beseech thee, holy youth, to come and walk amongst us!' And I was greatly touched in heart and could read no further, and so I awoke, and thanked God that after so long a time he had approached them according to their cry." "And another night (whether within me or beside me, I know not, God knoweth), I heard most learned words, which I could not understand, only this, at the end: 'He that gave his life for thee'; and then I awoke rejoicing."
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> After these visions, though dissuaded by parents and friends, he gave himself up to the Church, and to study; beginning under his mother's uncle—St. Martin—Bishop of Tours. On being priested he received the new name of Magonius, and studied in various places on the continent. From Italy he is said to have visited the islands of the Tyrrhenian sea, and to have received from the hermit Justus, who dwelt in one of them, the famous staff of Jesus.
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> In the year four hundred and thirty-one, Pope Celestine sent Bishop Palladius on a mission to preach to the Irish, amongst whom Christianity had already taken some hold, but Heathenism was still so dominant that Palladius, after less than a year's sojourn, found himself forced to fly to North Britain, where he died soon after. Then Pope Celestine, considering the eminent piety, learning and other gifts of Magonius, resolved to send him upon the Irish mission, and therefore consecrated him bishop; at the same time re-baptizing him with the honourable name of Patricius, which carried its dignity from the ancient times of Rome (meaning Pater Civium, Father of the People), and was afterwards given to kings of France. In after days—so much do conditions change—it came to have a most vulgar sound, especially in the diminutives of Pat and Paddy; but may, perhaps, regain its pristine rank since it is now once more conjoined with the blood royal.
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> In the year four hundred and thirty-two, Bishop Patricius, then forty-five years old, landed on the coast of Wicklow; but, being driven to the ship by the Pagan population, he sailed northward to a bay in what is now called the County of Down. Here the lord of the district hastened to attack the strangers as pirates, but was arrested by the venerable looks of the bishop, listened to his preaching, and was baptized with all his family. There Patricius immediately established his first church, which was called, simply, Sahal Phadrig—Patrick's Barn—whence the parish of Saul, in Down, derived its name. When he re-visited the scene of his youthful captivity, a strange event occurred. Two daughters of his old master, after hearing him preach, were baptized and became nuns; whereupon Milcho, strongly attached to the ancient traditions, and perceiving that his former slave was now in authority as their successful antagonist, made a great fire of the house and goods, and consumed himself therein; the news of which, coming to St. Patrick, caused him to stand for three hours silent, and in tears.
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> Having learned that the time was approaching when King Leoghaire would hold on Tara Hill a great triennial convention of tributary princes, nobles, and Druid priests, St. Patrick resolved to come and preach to them, at all hazards, knowing the importance of influencing the great people of the country; so, on Easter Eve, four hundred and thirty-three, the next day being that appointed for the opening of the convention, he raised his tent on the north bank of the river Boyne, and kindled a fire before it. Now, it was a penal act for any one to light a fire in the province at the time of the convention of Tara, until the king's bonfire had first indicated the opening of the solemnities; and when St. Patrick's fire shone through the vernal night, and was seen after by the court and multitude encamped on Tara Hill, the utmost astonishment prevailed among them, and the Druids told the king that this fire must be speedily extinguished, or else the man who had kindled it, and his successors, should rule Ireland forever. The king instantly sent messengers to drag the culprit to his presence, but when Patrick appeared within the circle of the court, so noble and venerable was his aspect, that Erc, son of Dego, instantly rose and offered him his seat. St. Patrick was permitted to preach and Erc and Dubtach, the poet laureate, were his first converts, along with Fiech, a young poet under the instruction of Dubtach, and who is judged to be the author of a certain poem extant in praise of the saint. The queen and others followed their example, and at last the king himself. It is on this occasion that St. Patrick is said to have successfully used the trefoil or shamrock, growing at his feet, as an illustration of the doctrine of the Trinity; whence this herb came to be assigned to the patron saint of Ireland, and raised into a national emblem. Soon after, he preached at the Hill of Usneagh, a famous seat of Druidism.
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> In his peregrinations, he founded several churches and made many converts; and having been thirteen years in Ireland, he established himself in Armagh (the High Place), and on that hill founded a city and cathedral, with monasteries, schools and other religious edifices. In that place, chosen fourteen hundred years ago by Saint Patrick, the cathedral, several times re-edificated, stands firm at this day, and his archiepiscopal successor retains the dignity then established, of Primate, and Metropolitan of All Ireland; while, by a curious etiquette, the Archbishop of Dublin is styled Primate of Ireland, without the All. About two years after the foundation of Armagh, Patricius, by this time probably raised to the rank of archbishop, went over to England for coadjutors, and took the opportunity to preach against the prevailing Pelagian and Arian heresies, reclaiming many. Returning by way of Liverpool, when he approached that maritime village, the people from all sides flocked to meet him, and erected a stone cross in his honour. On his voyage back to Ireland he visited the Isle of Man, where, we are informed, he found the people much addicted to magic—an old accusation against them; for they were believed to involve their island at will in supernatural mists, so that no ship could find it. Here he preached with his usual success, and left behind him Germain, one of his disciples, as first bishop of Man. Having returned to Armagh, he held a synod, the eighth canon of which forbids a clerk to enter the list with a heathen for trial by combat (a mode of decision not known to have existed in England till long after this time, and commonly spoken of as introduced by the Normans), and the fourteenth lays penance on whosoever should seek to divine the future by soothsaying or inspection of the entrails of beasts. After this he went to Bally-ath-cliath (afterwards called Dublin, the Black Stream), the people flocking out to him; and baptized the king and many others in a well, therefore called St. Patrick's Well; near to which a church was built, on the site now occupied by St. Patrick's Cathedral. Archbishop Usher says he saw the well, and that in sixteen hundred and thirty-nine it was shut up in a private house.
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> In a subsequent synod, we learn that four other ecclesiastical dignitaries were unwilling to submit to the authority of Archbishop Patricius; especially as he was a foreigner; but they at last agreed. He settled the Church of Ireland solidly, and appointed bishops and priests everywhere, well earning his title of Apostle of Ireland. He travelled continually—a winged labourer, as Chrysostom terms St. Paul—until too old; when he spent his last years in retirement and contemplation, though not neglecting to hold synods and councils, and rule the affairs of the church. The latest part of his life was passed alternately in Armagh, and in the Abbey of Sahal; and in the latter place, where he had adventurously founded the first of several hundred churches, he expired, full of good works and honours, on the seventeenth of March, four hundred and sixty-five, aged seventy-eight. This is in accordance with Lanigan's chronology, which contradicts Usher, Ware, and others, who place the event in four hundred and ninety-three, in the one-hundred-and-twentieth year of his age. His obsequies lasted through twelve successive days and nights—made bright as day with torches and tapers—and were attended by multitudes of the clergy from all parts of Ireland. He was buried at Down, thence called Down-Patrick, and the old rhyme says—
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> In Down three saints one grave do fill;
> Patrick, Bridget, Columbkill.
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> In eleven hundred and eighty-six, seventeen years after the English invasion, the remains of these three were solemnly translated into the cathedral of Downpatrick, a cardinal legate being specially sent by Pope Urban III. to attend the ceremony; but the rolling centurics changed men's minds, and in the reign of Henry the Eighth, Anno Domini, fifteen hundred and thirty-eight, Lord Deputy Leonard De Gray, invading Ulster desecrated the cathedral, and defaced the statues of the three saints; and in the same year the famous staff or crozier, so long an object of veneration, was publicly burned along with many other relics, in High Street, Dublin, by order of Archbishop Browne. With this implement is said to have been accomplished the saint's traditionary feat of banishing noxious animals from the Emerald Isle—when, according to the song,
>
> He bothered all the vermin,
> and forced the snakes into the rash act of committing suicide,
> To save themselves from slaughter.
>
> But a more credible, and truly beautiful, story is connected with the same staff, namely, that when St. Patrick was baptizing Aongus, King of Munster, at Cashel, he accidentally rested the spike of his iron-shod crozier upon the king's foot, and, leaning forward, pressed it deeply in, inflicting a most painful wound. But Aongus, believing this to be part of the ceremony, made no sign of suffering, and, with calm and reverential demeanour, allowed the unconscious prelate to proceed with a baptism which was at the same time a petty martyrdom.
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> St. Patrick is said to have been a man of small stature, but of great energy and activity of mind and body, and we have some proofs that his very aspect must have inspired regard and submission. He was truly humble, wore coarse garments, and worked cheerfully and stoutly with his own hands. He was "Most sweet and affable in conversation, by which he accommodated himself to all sorts and conditions of people, and did so gain their affections, that if it could be done, they would have plucked out their eyes and given them to him." Countless gifts were pressed upon him, which he always refused, except it were to relieve the poor, or build religious houses. He slept on the bare ground, a stone his pillow, till fifty-five years old.
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> The beginning of his Confessio (to which, perhaps, the English word Profession comes nearest in sense) is curious: "Ego Patricius, peccator, rusticissimus, et minimus omnium fidelium, et contemptibillissimus apud plurimos, patrem habui Colpornium diaconem," &c. It ends thus: "Hæc est Confessio mea, antequam moriar."
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> The self-contempt of this exordium was a matter of form; but elsewhere he says, no doubt with full sincerity, "I lived in death and faithlessness, until I was much chastised, and in truth I was humbled by hunger and nakedness. But it was well for me, for in this God wrought my amendment, and shaped me to be at this day what was once far enough from me—that I should care or strive for the good of others, who then regarded not even my own good."
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> These are simple and pious words of the good bishop, and we may well believe him not unworthy of his place in the calendar of saintly men. Self-denying, humble, fearless, diligent, religious, in a wide and difficult field of action; his life was noble, and his memory is worthy of reverence. Yet certain of the rites with which his day is kept and honoured in Ireland have little reverence in them. St. Patrick's Chapel of Ease, by excise consecration, so crowded to-day, is a small, dingy, strong-smelling place, where, before the wooden altar, over-huddled with foul glasses and battered pewters, in a plash of whiskey, the devotees hiccup and yell the venerable name of their country's apostle as an incentive to debauchery and madness.
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> The tradesman or artisan who six months ago registered a vow against drinking, formally excepted the season of the Saint, and after an interval of hopeful quiet, his family are now again to endure the horrors and miseries inevitably brought on by a drunken father, or son, or husband, who, for his part, shall waken to find the path of reformation vanished from under his foot, and harder to regain than ever. The youth, the tender girl, are half-persuaded, half-forced into their first visit to a tavern, in honour of the day. The experienced toper deliberately, and freed from the last lingering touch of shame (sure it's Patrick's Day), wallows into the deepest mire of helpless sottishness. Quarrels rise; oaths and foul words, fists and cudgels, in motion; shrieking wives, weeping sisters and daughters vainly interfering. Then come the efficient green-coated men, truncheons in hand, who, bursting into the thickest of the row, haul off sundry torn, bloody, and foaming creatures, scarcely recognisable as human, to the lock-up. Little boys, some of them not half-a-dozen years old, are made drunk to-day, on account of Saint Patrick. See, for example, this wretched Cheevo, to whom some one has administered a dose that leaves him collapsed, pallid, and idiotic against a wall. Cheevo has not been very long a street-boy, and perhaps now is his initiation into the joys of drinking whiskey; if so, he had to-day no desire or relish for the draught that scorched his young lips and throat; but, before long, he also will anxiously crave the burning liquor, and beg or steal the means of getting it, and under its influence, perhaps, progress to acts that shall make him worth Society's attention at last; and, while at large, he will certainly not fail to keep St. Patrick's Day with the most unscrupulous exactness.
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> Alas! the good Patricius! practically invoked as Saint of Sots, Patron of Publicans, Defender of National Drunkenness! What can we say, but that people often use their saints (alive or dead) unreasonably enough—and their sinners too?—*Household Words.*

## THE CZAR NICHOLAS.

[From an unpublished volume of Alexander Herzen's Memoirs. 1825-1826.]

ONE Winter morning a senator visited our house before the usual hour, and, with a mysterious expression on his countenance, entered my father's library, and motioned to me not to follow. I remained in the saloon, wondering what he had come to tell. Fortunately, I was not long left in doubt, for a door opposite me opened, and the round face of the senator's lacquey appeared as if framed in his richly-ornamented collar of fur. He made me a sign to draw near the door.

"You know nothing?" he said.

"Of what?"

"The Emperor is dead, at Taganrog!"

I was astonished and excited by the news. I had never before conceived the possibility of Alexander's death; they who, from infancy, had surrounded me, had only imbued my mind with veneration of the Czar. I called to recollection the last occasion on which I had seen him, just before his departure for Taganrog.

He was on horseback, riding slowly from a review near the Barriere de Tuer, and was accompanied by two generals, one of whom was Diebitch. His face was calm and mild; he seemed weary and pensive. I took off my hat, he smiled, and returned my salute. How different from Nicholas, who perpetually carried Medusa's head, half bald, and looked round him with a serpent's fierceness, whether in the streets or at the palace among his officers and ladies of honour! Nicholas sought continually to emulate the boa-constrictor and to freeze the blood in the veins of those with whom he spoke. Had Alexander's affability been assumed, I should have esteemed such hypocrisy preferable to the insolent candour of absolutism.

While in all the shops portraits of "the Emperor Constantine" were exhibited; while the crowds rushed to the churches to swear allegiance to him, the rumour of his abdication spread. The senator's lacquey, indeed, announced to me that there was an insurrection at St. Petersburg, and that cannon had been fired on the Place de Traak.

The next evening, General Count Comaroffsky visited us. He came from St. Petersburg, where he had been a witness of the insurrection. He described it to us, and I in amazement, listened. A new world seemed to open, dim, undefined, yet sufficient to fill my imagination.

In a few days began a series of arrests and domiciliary visits throughout Moscow. Mothers and wives trembled; all seemed at once to become gloomy. To the nation at large Nicholas was utterly unknown; while Alexander reigned he has been nothing; he had been seldom mentioned. Now, every one was interested in him. The officers of the Imperial Guard were anxiously questioned, and from them the public began to learn some traits of his coldly-cruel, vindictive, implacable character—traits which were speedily exemplified. Once, while yet only a Grand Duke, having complaints to make against an officer, he seized him by his collar. The officer said sternly, "Your Highness, do not forget that I have a sword in my hand!" Nicholas recoiled, but he did *not* forget him. Upon becoming Emperor, he asked, two or three times, whether *that* officer had not been detected among the conspirators.

The officer, Count Samiloff, threw up his commission, and went to live in retirement at Moscow. Nicholas recognised him at the theatre, and remarked that he was dressed with an approach to foppery. He at once expressed his august desire to turn him into ridicule. Accordingly, the manager directed an actor to imitate the dress and manners of Count Samiloff, and the mimic acquitted himself to perfection. After the performance, the real count went in search of the manager, and demanded an interview with the ready-witted actor, declaring, however, that he would do him not the slightest harm. As the request was made in public, the manager, dreading a quarrel, called the actor forward. Samiloff thanked him for his clever imitation, but remarked that he wanted one ornament to complete it. So saying, he took off the splendid diamond that glittered on his breast, and said, "Permit me to offer you this; every time you are ordered to mimic me, do me the favour to wear it." Then, bowing, he returned to his stall, and Nicholas perceiving that the laugh was not with him, forbade a repetition of the farce.

One of the earliest acts of the young Emperor was the organization of that formidable gendarmerie, which, centralised near his palace, exercised its espionage throughout the empire. The secret police of Alexander were disbanded, and their chief officer, an old Voltarian, was himself placed under surveillance. The fear of banishment—a real or imaginary danger—hung over all; it was as though society had been smitten dumb. Only women, compassionate and heroic, ventured to declare their sympathy with the relatives and friends, dragged from home and thrust into casemated dungeons. The names of some of these magnanimous and pious ladies are known—the princesses Troubetsky, the Nariskins, and the Yonchoreffskis—I must add that of Madame Tvasheff. *Her* story is too interesting to be omitted.

M. Tvasheff belonged to a noble and opulent family. He conceived a passion for his sister's governess, and would have married her, but that his mother created such a storm that the young girl retired to Paris, and he was forced to defer his intention. Ultimately, as one of the most ardent leaders of the great conspiracy, he was condemned to civil death, and to forced labour in perpetuity. His father had a natural son to whom he bequathed the family estates, beseeching him, however, not to forget his unhappy brother. Meanwhile, the young French girl, when she received the dreadful intelligence, hastened to St. Petersburg, and demanded from Count Benkendorf permission to join Tvasheff in his captivity. Nicholas instructed Benkendorf to dissuade her; she remained firm. He represented to her the miserable condition of women who followed their husbands to the galleys, and the terrible destinies of their children. He added that much consideration would be extended to wives who knew not that their husbands had been compromised, but that she was free, and knowing what her betrothed was, could expect no mercy. The young girl persisted. Nicholas, astonished, shrugged his shoulders, and gave her a passport. He kept his word. No favour was ever shown to this devoted woman. When she reached her husband's prison the authorities, having received no orders, refused her an entrance. She remained, therefore, at a hamlet some miles distant, waiting for an order from St. Petersburg, and surrounded by a population of common criminals and liberated convicts. Among these she met a man who was employed on the fortifications. Relating her story, she begged him to acquaint Tvasheff with her arrival: he undertook to convey a letter and the answer. The devotion of this woman, which had not touched the heart of Nicholas, made a deep impression on the rude nature of the convict. Several times a week, after finishing his task, he issued at nightfall from the fortress, walked several leagues across the snowy plains, amid the desolation of Eastern Siberia, to carry her a few words of affection, written by Tvasheff. At last the reply of the government arrived, and these unhappy ones were married in the fortress.

Ten years passed. Tvasheff's punishment was then commuted from forced labour to exile at a penal settlement. The condition of his wife and himself was thus ameliorated; but the struggle had worn her out—the struggle of seeking a husband at the galleys, and of ten years passed within a fortress in an inclement and bitter climate, had exhausted her strength, and she died, leaving two children. Tvasheff, still young, fell into a profound melancholy, and some months after followed her to the grave. Imagine the situation of the orphans without civil rights, doomed at their birth to live as soldiers in a penal colony, abandoned, friendless, in the solitudes of Siberia!

Tvasheff's father was dead. His son, a distinguished Colonel of Engineers, demanded and obtained the Emperor's permission to adopt these children. Some years passed, and he requested a second favour—the restoration of their name and civil rights. This, which the Emperor, with such a scandalous outburst of ferocity, had denied to the Princess Troubetskoff, he conceded to the colonel, not perceiving, however, that it amounted to a restitution of their estates, which the worthy man only held in trust for them.

Among devoted women, and among men paralyzed by fear, there sprang up a multitude of enslaved fanatics. Some were dragged to baseness by selfish calculations, others, disinterested and unconscious, degraded themselves without a motive.

My thoughts were at once awakened. I know not how it was, but on the first day, I felt in my heart that I was not on the side of those who fired the Imperial guns. The execution of Pestal and his friends did the rest. Every one expected a commutation of their punishment. Even my father, with his discreet and skeptical reserve, said that the sentences and the gibbets were only meant to strike terror, and that no executions could possibly be ordered on the very eve of the coronation. But one day we read in the official gazette—"On the 5th of July, at five o'clock in the morning, five traitors were hanged by the public executioner."

We had known too little of Nicholas! As for him, after signing the warrants, he left St. Petersburg, and, without calling at Moscow, awaited the news at the Petrovsky palace.

An universal horror prevailed. The Russian people, degraded by slavery, and by the rod, were, nevertheless, unaccustomed to the infliction of death penalties. Since the monstrous punishment of the officer Mirovitch, for having, by order of Catherine the Second, assassinated the unhappy Prince Teon, and that of Pougatscheff and his two accomplices, there had not been a single execution for fifty years.

During the reign of Paul, an insurrection of Cossacks occurred, in which two officers were implicated. Paul invested his Hetman with an unlimited jurisdiction over the offenders. The two officers were condemned to decapitation; but no one would assume the responsibility of the execution, and the Emperor was applied to. "The Hetman is a fool," said Paul. "He had full power, but he would throw the odium on me." The criminals were sent to the mines, and the Hetman was dismissed.

Nicholas—and history should never ignore this trait of his character—reintroduced the punishment of death, *by a surprise*, and legalized it twenty years afterwards, in a monstrous criminal code, drawn up by the Polish German Grube and confirmed by the Czar.

Some days after the famous 26th, a grand *Te Deum* was chaunted in a rich pavillion, erected in the Court of the Kremlin. Philarete, the metropolitan of Moscow, officiated, surrounded by the high clergy, and gave thanks to God for the victory obtained over the five patriots by the public executioner. The Imperial family, the ministers, and the senate, surrounded the altar, and, further off, were heard the acclamations of the Imperial Guard. While the *Te Deum* was performed the soldiers knelt, and from the Courts to the domes of the Kremlin rose the cry, "God save the Emperor!" Never was there such a *fête* of the gallows.

I was there, with my mother, and I already learned to hate the unnatural power of that implacable man. Nevertheless, my political ideas were somewhat confused. I believed that the insurgents had really designed to place Constantine on the throne, to govern by a constitution. Hence, I conceived a singular veneration for him, at Czarovitch. At the commencement of the reign of Nicholas, indeed, he was much more in favour than his brother with the people, on whom he had conferred no benefits, and with the soldiery, who had experienced none but evil treatment at his hands. It was a popular caprice; he seemed to have atoned for all by the act of abdication.

I saw him at a review, the day after the coronation of Nicholas. He accompanied his brother to the palace and to the cathedral. His brow, never free from wrinkles, wore a sinister expression. He wore the Lithuanian uniform; and with his high shoulders, his drooping head, and *retroussé* nose, it may be imagined that my hero did not captivate me by his beauty.

My Russian teacher was the first who began to engage my mind. He was young, noble, full of that liberalism which vanishes with marriage, with the first grey hair, with the attainment of a stable position, but which, while it lasts, still dignifies the man. "May God will," he said to me, "that you shall never abandon these sentiments;" and he began to teach me fragments of Poushkin's and Ryleief's songs, which I committed to writing, little dreaming that, thirty years after, I—I first—should print them.

I read no more romances; I found in the library a history of the French revolution, written by a legitimist of the empire. His exaggerations were so absurd that I suspected them. Resolved at any cost to decide for myself, I thought of asking Monsieur Bouchot, my French master, who was at Paris during the Revolution. Bouchot was a rough man, not much inclined to converse with me. He dictated verses, conjugated verbs, scolded, tattooed the ground with his foot, and did not invite my inquiries.

At last, I took courage, and seeing him in an unusually good humour, said in the middle of a lesson. "Ah, Monsieur Bouchot, I have long wanted to ask you why they guillotined Louis XVI.?"

The old man looked at me steadily, raised one eyebrow and depressed the other, pushed his heavy spectacles over his forehead, took from his pocket his blue handkerchief, and, after having blown his nose violently, said in a dismal voice, "Because he was a traitor to his country!"

"But if you had been one of the judges, would you have signed the warrant?"

"With both hands!" said he, and he took a pinch of snuff.

That lesson was worth many participles and conjunctions.

I was now enlightened. Evidently they had done right to guillotine the King.

Bouchot himself had said so!—*The (London) Leader.*

## ABOUT FIDDLES.

[FOR MUSICAL READERS.]

No man who is not a fiddler can be fully aware of the virtues that reside in a fiddle. To the majority of mankind, the thing is but a vibratory machine of thin wood, furnished with tightened strings of catgut for the production of musical sounds; and the non-fiddling portion of the community are apt to entertain a derogatory notion both of fiddles and fiddlers, as though there were something unaccordant with the dignity of human nature in the production of melody by shaking the elbow and twiddling the fingers. Not that they by any means object to the result produced, or refuse to listen to the harmonious combination of sounds which horsehair and resin elicit, or refrain at all times from responding to the invitation of the music by tripping through the mazes of the delightful dance; but they would n't be seen to operate themselves; they could not submit to be themselves the fiddlers. A small section of society—a dismal, dolorous and drab-hearted community—go still further. With them, the terms "to play the fiddle" and "to play the fool" are synonymous; the notes of a fiddle-string sound irreligiously in their ears, and they look upon fiddlers as persons in a highly equivocal, not to say dangerous, position. But the truth is, these people don't know what a fiddle is. I do, and I have, therefore, the advantage of them.

I am the owner of a Straduarius which cost me nearly £200, and is worth more than double the money. I have insured it in the "Equitable" for the sum it cost—I could n't rest in my bed till I had done so. How it came into my possession—what risks I ran—what sacrifices I made to get it—what danger I was in of losing it for ever: these are particulars which I may record at some future time. At present, I am about to say something of fiddles and the fiddle-trade in general, for the benefit of the world at large and my brother-amateurs (I am not a professional musician) in particular.

All the world—at least all the musical world—knows that the finest fiddles which the art of man has ever achieved were made by the Cremonese masters 200 and odd years ago. What all the world does not know so well is the fact that, though these masters, Amati, Stradivarius, and the rest, made but comparatively few instruments, these have somehow so miraculously multiplied since their death that, at the present moment, when, according to the ordinary course of things, they ought almost to have vanished from the earth, they abound in such prodigious numbers, that there is not a dealer in one of the great cities of Europe who has not always one or two specimens at least upon hand to dispose of. I am of opinion that this is owing, not so much to the merit of the Cremona fiddles, transcendently excellent as most of them are, as it is to the existence of a class of men of whom the reader knows but little or nothing. It is with the great fiddle-makers as with the Raphaels, Titians, Correggios and Rembrandts, in another art; their works are so tremendously in request, am ng the connoisseurs, that they have to be manufactured anew to meet the demand. It is the credulity and ignorance of the collectors which have instigated the forgeries in both cases.

As your connoisseur in art is never a painter, though he knows the constituents of meglip, and can daub a bolster-looking cloud; so your connoisseur in fiddles is never a performer, unless the ability to rasp a quadrille or a polka is to entitle him to that designation. But the collector of fiddles, it is probable, derives as much pleasure from his accumulations as his brother of the studios. He gloats over the torso of an old instrument, and feels the same raptures on contemplating the graceful swell of the "belly," as my lord-connoisseur does in the presence of an antique marble or a Venus of Titian. And as there are rival connoisseurs in art who bid and buy frantically against one another, so are there rivals in the fiddle-mania who do precisely the same thing. One consequence of this is, that fiddle-dealing is a snug money-making profession, the more pretentious branch of which is monopolised in London by a few old stagers, but which is carried on profitably in all the large towns. There is, for instance, Old Borax, whom those who want him know whereabouts to look for—within the shadow of St. Martin's Church.

Borax makes but little demonstration of his wealth in the dingy hole that serves him for a shop, where a double-bass, a couple of violoncellos, a tenor or two hanging on the walls, and half-a-dozen fiddles, lying among a random collection of bows, bridges, coils of catgut, packets of purified resin, and tangled horsehair in skeins, serve for the insignia of his profession. But Borax never does business in his shop, which is a dusty desert from one week's end to another. His warehouse is a private sanctum on the first floor, where you will find him in his easy-chair reading the morning-paper, if he does not happen to be engaged with a client. Go to him for a fiddle, or carry him a fiddle for his opinion, and you will hardly fail to acknowledge that you stand in the presence of a first-rate judge. The truth is, that fiddles of all nations, disguised and sophisticated as they may be to deceive common observers, are naked and self-confessed in his hands. Dust, dirt, varnish and bees-wax are thrown away upon him; he knows the work of every man, of note or of no note, whether English, French, Dutch, German, Spaniard or Italian, who ever sent a fiddle into the market, for the last 200 years; and he will tell you who is the fabricator of your treasure, and the rank he holds in the fiddle-making world, with the utmost readiness and urbanity—on payment of his fee of one guinea.

Borax is the pink of politeness, though a bit of a martinet after an ancient and punctilious model. If you go to select a fiddle from his stock, you may escape a lecture of a quarter of an hour by *calling* it a fiddle, and not a violin, which is a word he detests, and is apt to excite his wrath. He is never in a hurry to sell, and will by no means allow you to conclude a bargain until he has put you in complete possession of the virtues and the failings, if it have any, of the instrument for which you are to pay a round sum. As all his fiddles lie packed in sarcophagi, like mummies in an Egyptian catacomb, your choice is not perplexed by any *embarras de richesses*; you see but one masterpiece at a time, and Borax will take care that you *do* see that, and know all about it, before he shows you another. First unlocking the case, he draws the instrument tenderly from its bed, grasps it in the true critical style with the fingers and thumbs of both hands a little above the bridge, turning the scroll towards you. Now and then he twangs, with the thumb of his left hand, the third or fourth string, by way of emphasis to the observations which he feels bound to make—instinctively avoiding, however, that part of the strings subjected to the action of the bow. Giving you the name of the maker, he proceeds to enlighten you on the peculiar characteristics of his work; then he will dilate upon the remarkable features of the specimen he holds in his hand—its build, its model, the closeness and regularity of the grain of the wood of which the belly was fashioned; the neatness, or, wanting that, the original style of the purfling—the exquisite mottling of the back, which is wrought, he tells you, "by the cunning hand of nature in the primal growth of the tree"—*twang*. Then he will break out into placid exclamations of delight upon the gracefulness of the swell—*twang*—and the noble rise in the centre—*twang*—and make you pass your hand over it to convince yourself; after which, he carefully wipes it down with a silk handkerchief. This process superinduces another favourite theme of eulogium—namely, the unparalleled hue and tone (of colour) imparted by the old Italian varnish—a hue, he is sure to inform you, which it is impossible to imitate by any modern nostrums—*twang*. Then he reverts to the subject of a fiddle's indispensables and fittings; discourses learnedly on the carving of scrolls, and the absurd substitution, by some of the German makers, of lion's heads in lieu of them; hinting, by the way, that said makers are asses, and that their instruments bray when they should speak—*twang*. Then, touching briefly on the pegs, which he prefers unornamented, he will hang lingeringly upon the neck, pronounce authoritatively upon the right degree of elevation of the finger-board, and the effects of its due adjustment upon the vibration of the whole body-harmonic, and, consequently, upon the tone. Then, jumping